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Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 47.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] Wednesday, October 26, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post 6½d.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston

FROM A WATER-COLOUR PAINTING BY GLADYS WORGAN

No. 47.—Vol. IV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"Three Mysteries." By Theo. Douglas. (Everett: 6*s.*)

"In Fear of Man." By A. St. John Adcock. (Everett: 6*s.*)

"The Ring from Jaipur." By F. M. Peard. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

"Children of Endurance." By Lucas Cleve. (Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Sir Roger's Heir." By Frankfort Moore. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Dream of Peace." By Francis Gribble. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

"There and Back." By Frank Richardson. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"Major Weir." By K. J. Montgomery. (Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Closed Book." By William Le Queux. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Red Derelict." By Bertram Mitford. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Lady Electra." By Robert Barr. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Heart of Penelope." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"A Lady in Waiting." By Eva Anstruther. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

"Checkmate." By Etta Courtney. (Arnold: 6*s.*)

"On Etna." A Romance of Brigand Life. By Norma Lorimer. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"The Clyffords of Clyffe." By James Payn. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

"The Call of the Town." By J. A. Hammerton. (Everett: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Affair at the Inn." By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, Allan McAulay. (Gay and Bird: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Mediterranean Winter Resorts." By E. A. Reynolds-Ball. 2 vols. (Hazel, Watson and Viney: 3*s.* 6*d.* each.)

"The Story of My Struggles." By A. Vambery. (Unwin: £1 1*s.*)

"Irish Memories." By R. Barry O'Brien. (Unwin: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Old Ingleborough." By Herbert M. White, B.A. (Elliot Stock.)

"Stamps Worth Finding." By B. C. Hardy. (Sidney Appleton: 1*s.* net.)

"Adam Smith." (English Men of Letters Series.) By F. W. Hirst. (Macmillan: 2*s.* net.)

"Law in Business." By H. A. Wilson. (Methuen: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume III. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

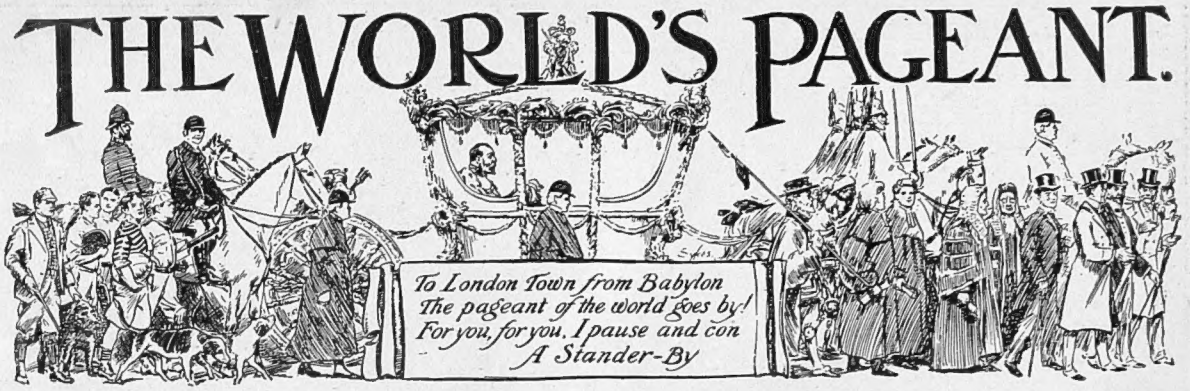
On Page XIV. of this Issue will be found the first hand, and full particulars of our

NEW BRIDGE COMPETITION

First Prize, £10 10s.

Second, Third, Fourth, and Consolation Prizes.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.



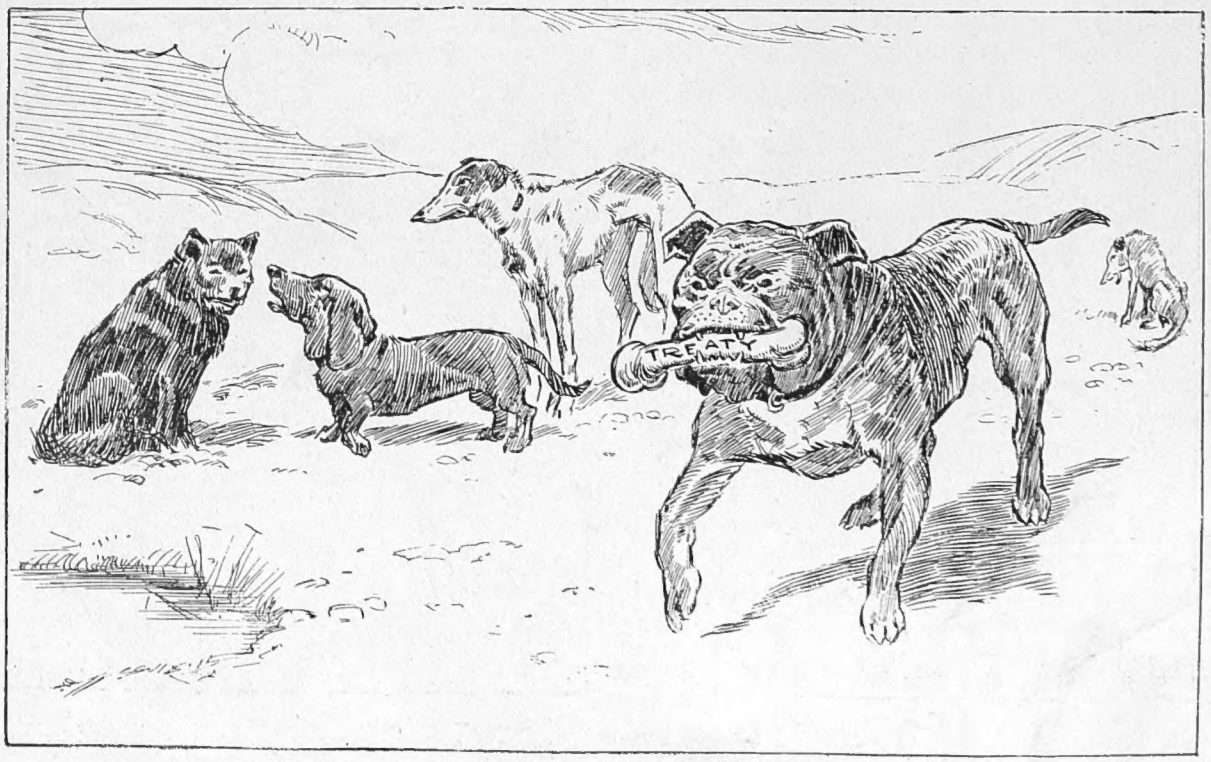
The many critics of the Government who have enjoyed themselves for the last few days over the iniquities of the Indian Government in "annexing" Chumbi, have been laid by the heels. They have been slinging ink with quite reckless extravagance about the shameful treatment of the Tibetans, and now it transpires that Reuter's intelligence was incorrect. Hard luck!

* * *

As for the treaty which was signed at Lhasa, these quidnuncs only carp at it. The Chinese Amban refused to be a party to it, while the Grand Lama ran away with his Russian friend, so they think it is not worth the paper it is written upon. Possibly, in a sense, this is correct, for Asiatics are, unlike more advanced nations, not at all inclined to consider themselves bound by a document. On the other hand, they have received practical proof of Great Britain's power. For the first time in their history, an army marched to Lhasa, and held them completely in their power. A practical demonstration is always effective in the East, and it will bear more weight with the Tibetans, if we may be allowed to say so, than any amount of intrigue and braggadocio can do. Before long, no doubt, the ubiquitous "Tammas," as Sir Thomas Dewar said, will be trading with his Tibetan friend on mutually advantageous terms.

* * *

So what Germany may say to China on the subject is unimportant, except that it shows us what an aggressive and interfering personality the Teuton has become in matters which do not concern him in the very slightest. The explanation of Germany's interference by subsidising the Chinese Press to start a crusade against the Anglo-Tibetan treaty is simple enough. The Fatherland has become bottle-washer to Russia, and is losing no opportunity to impress upon the Tsar that Germany is his friend. It is not disinterested friendship, it is true, for Russia is giving her friend across the frontier good orders, which is pleasant for commerce. Germany never was particular about her friendships, so long as an eye could be kept on No. 1.

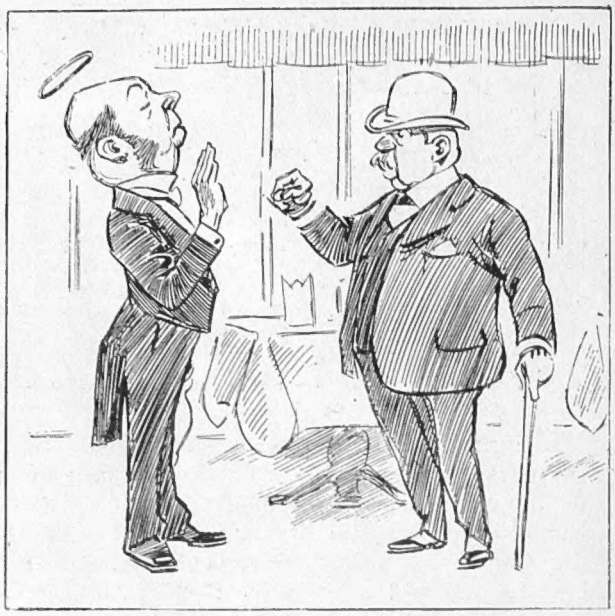


Not to be seen at the Crystal Palace Dog Show

The Dachshund (Germany) to the Chow (China): "Dot Schweinpig gets all der bones. I tell you when he is asleep, undt you go undt take it away"

Edwin: "Necessities! Ridiculous!"
Angelina: "Wel', dear, what do you call necessities?"
Edwin: "Oh well, er—cigars and things like that"

(According to the *Ladies' Pictorial*, furs are necessities, not luxuries)



Will it come to this?

(A short time ago waiters were complaining of the smallness of their tips. Now we have a non-tipping restaurant, and more are expected)

We are glad to find that the papers which have been so dismally commenting on the certain ruin about to overtake this country are at length beginning to cheer up. They have now discovered what we told our readers weeks ago, namely, that the stagnation was passing, and that things were improving. We never had much sympathy for these lugubrious pessimists who were convinced that Great Britain was on the down grade because we could not pay two hundred millions for a war without feeling it. This country still leads the world, and will continue to do so if we can get a Government that is not spendthrift, and if our manufacturers maintain a closer touch on the requirements of their customers all over the world. It is a common argument that the United States must take our supremacy from us sooner or later, because she has far greater natural resources and a larger population. This is not sound logic. Many countries far in advance of us in natural resources and population are nowhere near us to-day, though they have tried to oust us for the better part of a century. Natural resources do not mean a monopoly of the world's wealth. It is a well-known dictum that the middleman reaps the greatest profits. England is the middleman of the world's nations, and there is no reason why she will not continue to be so if she retains her superiority as a ship-owning nation

A loss to the Corporation

(It is reported that a shortage in the supply of turtles is imminent

"Leddies—an' ithers, A'm Tammas McMuckle, fra' Peebles, no' to be confusit wi' Sandy McMuckle, wha's a backslider, but Tammas o' the Free Kirk. An' noo to Beezness"

(Sir Thomas Dewar predicts that next summer we shall see an enterprising Scot selling wares in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel at Lhasa)

REVIEW BY THE KING OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY

AT WOOLWICH

Photo by *Topical Agency*

His Majesty's First Appearance as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Artillery

The King recently accepted this position in succession to the late Duke of Cambridge, and in this capacity inspected the various brigades of Artillery on the parade ground at Woolwich last week. Attending the King on his tour of inspection is Colonel E. B. Coke, commanding the forces

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

The Crown Princess of Roumania

Princess Marie Alexandra Victoria, Crown Princess of Roumania, whose birthday falls next Saturday, is one of the most charming Royal ladies of Europe. She is the niece of King Edward, as she is the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; and, through her mother, the Grand Duchess Marie, is closely related to the Imperial House of Russia. She was born in 1875, and married, when eighteen years of age, the Crown Prince of Roumania, and they have three children. The Crown Princess is as popular as she is pretty, and is greatly admired in her adopted country.

Dr. Edmond Warre

It is a matter of personal regret to the many old Etonians who are readers of this journal to learn that Dr. Warre, the Head Master of Eton, has announced his intention to resign his position shortly. Dr. Warre has been known to many generations of Etonians, as he has held the post since 1884. He was an Etonian himself, and went to Oxford in 1854, already a man marked out for a distinguished career, as he entered at Balliol College as the Newcastle scholar. After a brilliant career at Oxford, he returned in 1860 as an assistant-master at Eton. He is a keen enthusiast on rowing; from 1857-1859 he rowed in the Oxford boat, and became President of the O.U.B.C. There has never been a Head Master at Eton or elsewhere who has shown his belief in aquatics so thoroughly as Dr. Warre. He has designed racing boats in plenty, notably the Brocas boat, which, in 1891, enabled Oxford to win a sensational race. Under his coaching and personal superintendence — for there is never a contest on the water where Etonians are concerned when Dr. Warre is an absentee—Eton crews have practically swept everything before them. Dr. Warre will be greatly missed when he leaves the precincts of Eton. His genial presence and scrupulous fairness towards the boys will leave a blank which it will be difficult to fill. And there is hardly a distant quarter of the world where Old Etonians foregather where his retirement will not be felt much in the nature of a personal loss.

Photo by Barnett

The Crown Princess of Roumania

Who celebrates her birthday next Saturday

Mr. W. T. Stead

So much has been said of Mr. W. T. Stead—for this amazing journalist has succeeded in keeping himself prominently before the public since the age of twenty-one, when he became editor of the *Northern Echo*, Darlington—a journal which, we are glad to note, is still going strong—that we confess there is nothing we can add to supplement "the strong lime-light of the public gaze" which has been directed, especially of late, upon him. Consider, O Reader! All the press of the United Kingdom has been commenting on Mr. Stead's first visit to the theatre as though it were a matter of national importance. It is a pity his early impressions were prejudiced by seeing Mr. Pinero's doll in its nightly contortions: Nemesis, in the shape of this play, seems to have waited until Mr. Stead patronised the theatre. There is no mistaking the fact that Mr. Stead is a genius. Ask us in what special way he shines, it is difficult to reply, because he is as many-sided as a diamond. Perhaps his genius for self-advertisement would be the best answer. No one can compete with him in the ability to obtain general notoriety without payment.

No; we willingly yield the palm to him in this.

Mr. Carnegie and Skibo Castle

"Some Historic Homes of England now tenanted by Wealthy Americans" was the title of a series of illustrations in our last issue. Among them was a beautiful picture of Skibo Castle, one of the most picturesque dwellings in Sutherland. Beneath the illustration was an inscription to the effect that it was owned by Mr. Evan Charles Sutherland and leased by Mr. Carnegie. We are informed that this is incorrect. Skibo Castle is not owned by Mr. Sutherland, but was purchased from the trustees by Mr. Carnegie some time ago, and is now his property. We take this opportunity of expressing regret for a slip which might be misleading.

Photo by *Thomson*

Harriet, Dowager Duchess of Sermoneta, and her niece, Miss Ellis

The Geisha of Kyoto

The geisha or dancing girls of Kyoto (writes a correspondent) have always been famous for their beauty, wit, and skill in music, not only are they acknowledged to be the handsomest women of Japan, but their dress, their manner of tying their obis or girdles, and the arrangement of their coiffures, are at once the envy and despair of their sisters in the other cities. One of the sights shown to all visitors here is the Nyokoba, or training school, where the dancing girls are taught other elegant accomplishments, such as tea ceremonies and the art of floral arrangement. This summer has been a hard one for these dazzling beauties of Japan—even the most famous geisha of Kyoto must feel the effects of war—for money for the elaborate banquets and feasts at

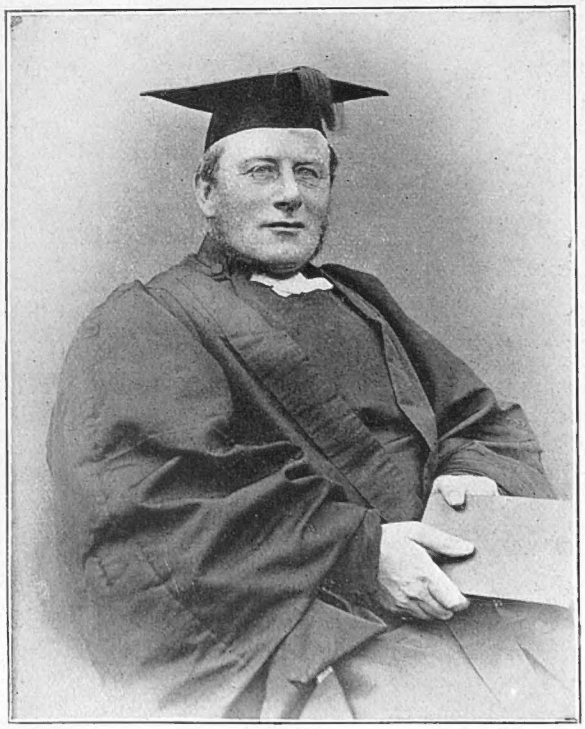


Photo by *Hills and Saunders*

The Rev. Dr. Warre

The notable Head Master of Eton College, who, to the regret of a large body of friends the world over, has announced his intention of retiring next midsummer

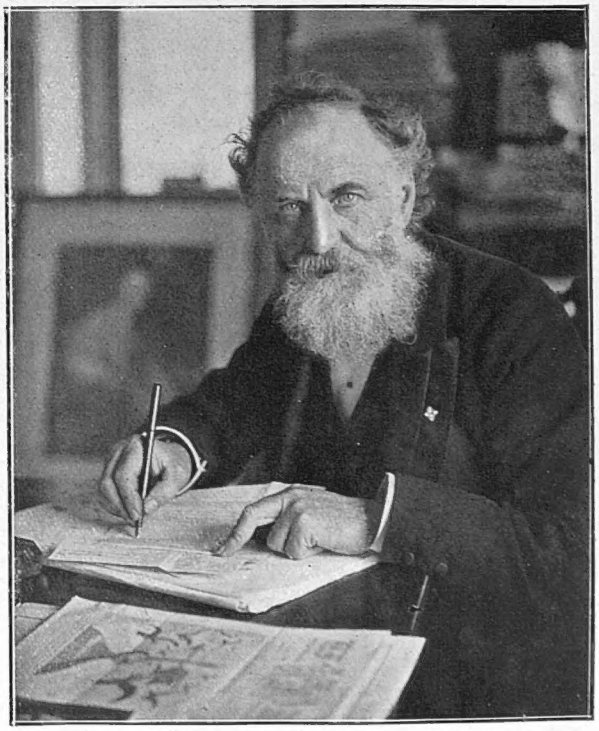


Photo by *Mills*

Mr. W. T. Stead

The well-known journalist, who has lately joined the ranks of dramatic critics

which they amuse and charm the guests is not forthcoming in the same lavishness of preceding years; and to what sacrifices many of them must now resort to for the daily necessities of life one visit to some of the well-known large pawnshops at Kyoto will disclose. Lately I spent a morning in the dingy old rooms of the pawnbroker Matsubaya, whose stock of beautiful and gorgeously-embroidered kimonos, sashes, and richly-wrought petticoats seemed inexhaustible. Bale after bale of goods tied up in large squares of blue cotton cloth were brought forth from the dusty, dark storerooms, and the fascinating contents displayed before me, until it was not a question of "What shall I purchase?" but rather "What can I resist?" and the prices asked for the gowns, etc., were so absurdly cheap that I longed to pile my arms up high with purchases. I doubt not that many fair readers of THE BYSTANDER would envy my small selection of kimonos could they but see them. What do you say to a long trailing robe of dark velvety blue *crêpe* smothered in gold and dark green embroidery that represents gnarled old pine trees; and another of rose pink fading to a creamy white with great black butterflies poised here and there on the sleeves, and bordering the skirt; then one of brilliant, almost flame-coloured scarlet, covered with flights of golden storks; a soft grey where masses of mauve and white chrysanthemums run riot; and yet another of white brocade with gorgeously-embroidered phœnix—that mythological bird of Japan—worked on the back, sleeves, and front folds of the kimono? And all these for £4! But remember these are second-hand goods, and we are enduring hard times in Japan!

Three "Stars" among the Geisha of Kyoto

These three little ladies are the most celebrated among the dancing girls of Kyoto. The doll-like creature on the left is acknowledged to be the daintiest geisha; the lady in the centre is a popular favourite on account of her beautiful dancing; while the third is noted for the costliness of her gowns

Miss Evelyn Bigelow

Miss Evelyn Bigelow, the elder daughter of Mr. Poultney Bigelow, is a happy-hearted and charming girl, very popular, very sociable, and distinguished by what is colloquially known as "plenty of go." In appearance she is "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair," with abundance of pretty golden hair, and a dazzling complexion. She goes out a great deal into Society, and is particularly fond of dancing. Her father, Mr. Poultney Bigelow, is the well-known traveller, and has written several clever volumes on his experiences. He was at one period a great friend of the German Emperor, and one of his books, which deals with German Court life, is most entertaining. Another of his acquaintances was the late President Kruger. Mrs. Bigelow has also literary tastes, and clever stories from her pen have often appeared in *The Smart Set*.

The Dowager Duchess of Sermoneta

The Dowager Duchess of Sermoneta, *née* the Hon. Harriet Ellis, was a daughter of the sixth Lord Howard de Walden, and is a great-aunt of the present peer. She married the late Duke of Sermoneta in 1875 in Florence, where she is spending this winter; her villa in that city is a veritable *musée des beaux arts*, for, though seventy-five years of age, she still retains her love of the beautiful, and is a great art connoisseur. She is most accomplished, a great reader, is a brilliant conversationalist, and speaks four or five languages with equal ease. This venerable lady is always much in request with her young

relatives, to whom she is devotedly attached; her constant companion being her niece, Miss Ellis, whose picture appears with her, the daughter of her eldest brother, the Rev and Hon. William Ellis. When in town she lives in Grosvenor Place.

Mme. Eleonora de Cisneros

Mme. Eleonora de Cisneros, who made such a brilliant *début* as Amneris in Verdi's *Aïda* at the Opera last week, is an American by birth, and first sang under Grau at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Gifted with considerable histrionic power, she enjoyed a series of successes in Italy and Spain, and obtained such a command of Italian that she was the only English-speaking lady chosen for this season's performances. Fortified by an eminently successful first appearance, she now takes her place as the contralto *prima donna* of the San Carlo company.

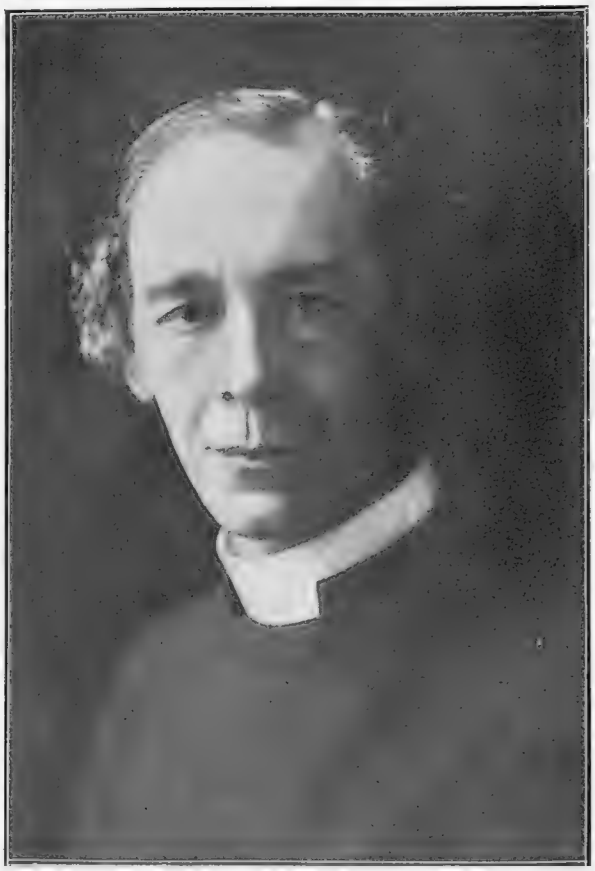


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

The Very Rev. J. A. Robinson, Dean of Westminster

Whose recent address to Sunday School teachers on the too literal interpretation of Bible stories has created no small sensation

Mrs. Gerald du Maurier

Miss Muriel Beaumont, who married Mr. Gerald du Maurier about eighteen months ago, is shortly returning, we are glad to hear, to the stage. Next Monday Mr. Bourchier is withdrawing *The Chevaleer* for a new play in four acts entitled *The Walls of Jericho*, by Mr. Alfred Sutro, and Miss Beaumont will play the part of a young girl of a tom-boy disposition. She has always been a favourite with the play-going public, for she is, on the stage as off, a merry and bright little lady. Better still, to the theatrical manager, who is often a superstitious person as regards

Mme. Eleonora de Cisneros

Who made her *début* last week in *Aïda* at Covent Garden

Photo by *Thomson*

Miss Evelyn Bigelow

Daughter of Mr. Poultney Bigelow, the well-known writer and war correspondent

the casting of plays, Miss Beaumont is looked on as a "Mascotte." She has always had the good fortune as yet to be cast for a play which has been a success.

The Dean of Westminster

A great deal of excitement has been caused in religious circles by the address which the Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. Joseph Armitage Robinson, D.D., gave to Sunday school teachers a few days ago, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes to lay teachers. A higher standard of knowledge is required, said the Dean, than was sufficient for the last generation; for we have changed. "A great deal which our forefathers took literally we cannot take literally to-day." Dr. Robinson, proceeding to details, interpreted the convictions of most earnest thinkers when he said that the earlier chapters of Genesis were not intended to be swallowed literally as facts, but rather as allegory. Stories like that of the talking serpent and the talking ass most of us look on as imagery clothing spiritual letters. This honest attempt by the Dean to reconcile supernatural occurrences in the Bible with the criticisms of modern-day scientists has been received with a storm of fury on the part of certain people. Many leading dignitaries of the Church are being interviewed, and their different aspects of what they believe or do not believe differs in nearly every instance. Meantime, though reviled, the Dean of Westminster is to be congratulated on an honest attempt to unite the conflicting statements of the Bible with the "higher criticism," as it is usually called. Dr. Robinson, who is unmarried, is a man of great learning, and has published a number of theological works appealing to the thoughtful educated. He seeks his relaxation at the Athenæum Club.

Photo by *Mitts*

Mr. Alfred Beit

Recently elected Vice-President of the British South Africa Company

Photo by] **Miss Muriel Beaumont (Mrs. Gerald du Maurier)** [*Campbell and Gray*

Miss Beaumont makes her re-appearance on the stage next Monday, at the Garrick Theatre, in *The Walls of Jericho*, the new play, by Mr. Alfred Sutro, which succeeds *The Chevalier*

Photo by *Lafayette*

Countess Orloff Davidoff, Daughter of Baron de Staal, late Russian Ambassador to England

Mr. Alfred Beit

After a stormy meeting a week or so ago, the British South Africa Company elected, as their Vice-President, Mr. Alfred Beit in the place of Earl Grey, whose appointment as Governor-General of Canada compels him to resign his position. Mr. Beit, who, as most people are probably aware is a Life Governor of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, was born in Hamburg. He went to South Africa when quite young, and demonstrated early in his career that genius for finance which has raised him to the prominent position he now occupies among the magnates of the day. Like the majority of his monied associates, he has not neglected the study of practical philanthrophy, as a few days ago he presented the citizens of Johannesburg with a magnificent park.

Countess Orloff Davidoff

Countess Orloff Davidoff is the only daughter of Baron de Staal, late Russian Ambassador to England. Her wedding, which took place four or five years ago from the Russian Embassy in Chesham Place, was a very brilliant function, and was attended by the King—then the Prince of Wales. In appearance the Countess is more than usually tall, with a singularly graceful figure and carriage. As is perhaps natural from the circumstances of her girlhood as an Ambassador's daughter, she is an accomplished linguist, and went about a great deal in English society accompanied by her popular parents. Her husband, Count Alexis Orloff Davidoff, will succeed to great riches upon the death of his father, who is a well-known Russian magnate.

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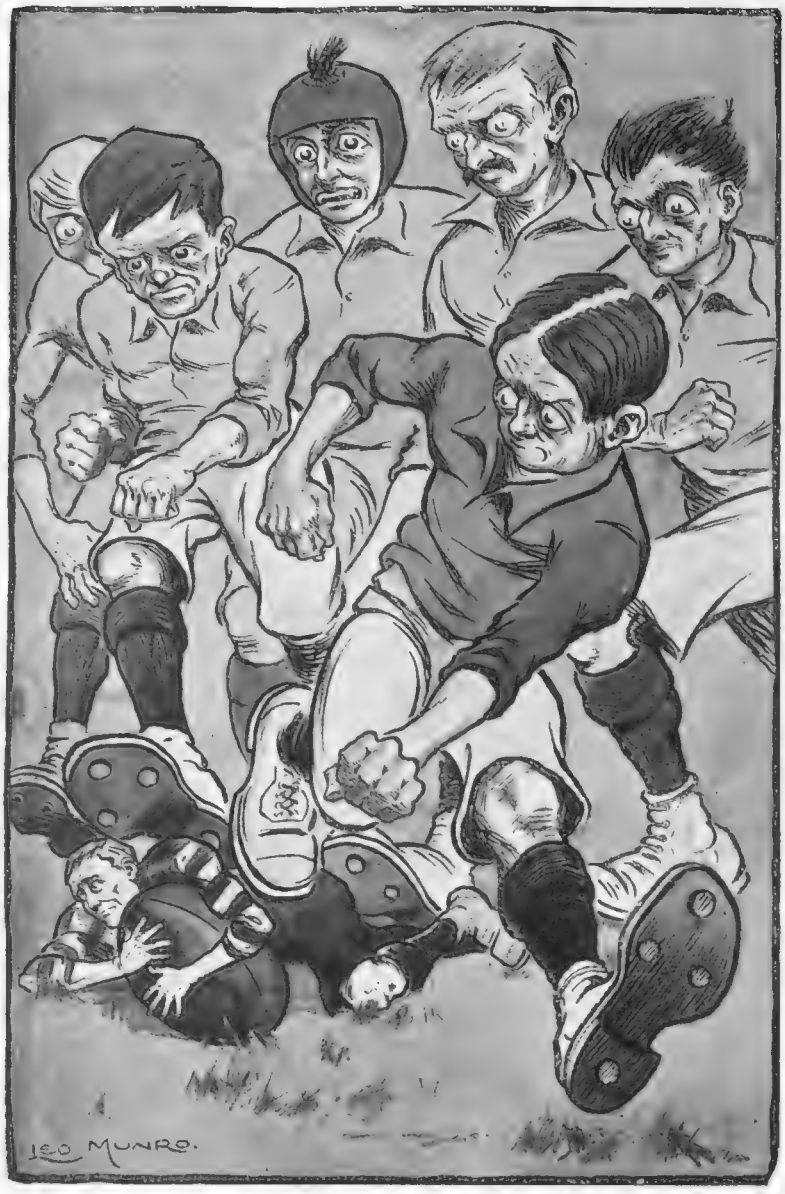


A FOOTBALLER'S NIGHTMARE—STOPPING THE RUSH
How the full-back feels when he drops on the ball

Legal Notes

The Law Courts have re-opened, and our legal wag suggests the following announcements should follow:

The old equity maxim still obtains, viz., That a suitor must enter the Court "with clean hands." You are also requested to wipe your feet—on the mat.

Light luncheons and drinks of all kinds may be obtained on the usual conditions, viz., by paying for them at the Bar as in any other profession. Matrimonial stakes with Sauce Divorce a speciality.

The Gallery attached to each Court is always free to the public. The body of the Court, which is reserved for Counsel, Solicitors, and Witnesses, may be occupied by anyone upon disbursement of the usual fee to the Tip-staff.

The "Stamp" department will be by and in the general call room, known to the initiated as the Bear Garden.

The Masters will, as heretofore, give lessons in chamber practice.

The Ushers will provide a continual disturbance from 10 to 4 in their efforts to ensure silence; hence the name of 'Ushers.

The Judges will be seated when the Court "sits," and leave when the Court "rises." No excuse, therefore, can be accepted for witnesses and jurymen who arrive late after this announcement has been brought to their attention.

Marriage Handicaps will go to Mr. Justice Barnes' Common or ordinary list. The Matrimonial Trials will, as heretofore, take place before the President.

Mr. Justice Grantham will "sit on" a very important question affecting the rights of builders of cottage tenements.

All disputes regarding drains and sewers will be heard by Mr. Justice Channell.

To relieve the congestion in the galleries of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Courts, the judicial humorist of the King's Bench Division will continue to exercise his legal wit and to sustain his reputation with the laymen who frequent his Court, to whom he is known as "The Darling of the gods."

(3) Recipes for Scolloped Lobsters, etc. In many ways, we must presume, the Business Woman does not differ from her sister.

Wanted—a Drink

One of the most striking things, it is said, at the Brewers' Exhibition has been the prominence of Temperance drinks. A more striking feature would have been any single temperance drink that could accurately be described as pleasant, however much in the background. For a temperance drink that shall be drinkable is one of the great needs of the present day. We are always somewhat surprised that teetotallers do not invent one. Brewers are not likely to. You cannot expect the brewer to cut his own throat. But much talk might be saved, and many thirsts assuaged, if a glass that cheered a little more than ginger-beer could be revealed. It could never oust beer, which is good, but it would be worth a place in the bar.

At the London Pavilion

This slight impression of an evening's entertainment at the Pavilion is intended solely to forestall Mr. Stead. For we are convinced that in the near future Mr. Stead's negative virtue in the matter of going to music-halls will form the subject for forty "inspired" paragraphs (in forty periodicals); will be the source of fresh political parables with which to hammer a tottering Government; will provide a topic for mildly contemptuous conjecture on the part of the ordinary pleasure-seeker about the diversions with which Mr. Stead has wiled away the odd evenings of an eventful career. Until Mr. Stead condescends to re-animate the anæmic existence of the Halls with the corpuscles of full-blooded criticism, we may be suffered to talk of art and artistes in the old manner.

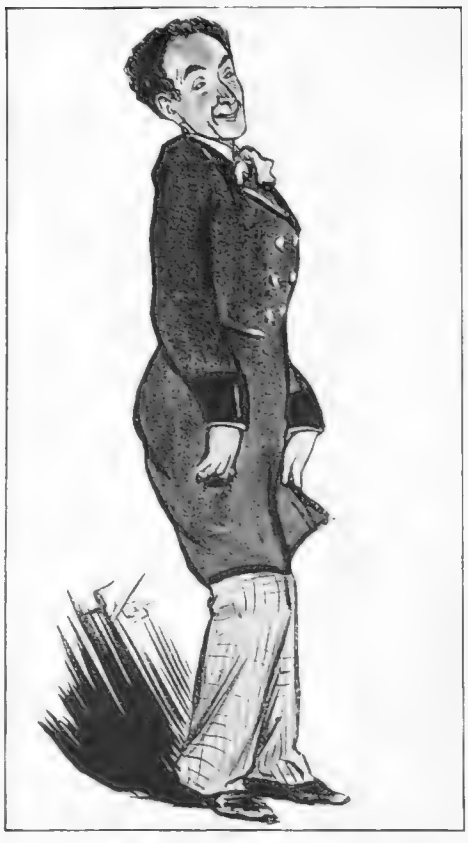
I leave it to Mr. Stead to base a homily on the race question upon the energetic performance of Miss May Henderson, coon comedienne, and to re-open the vexed question of the Behring Sea as a slight commentary on the exquisite fooling of Mr. Harry Tate, in his original concoction entitled "Fishing"

The first impression a stranger gains of music-halls is that they are full of audience, the second that some "turn" has gone before. When the artist-man and myself arrived, very soon after 8.30, Miss Lilian Doreen, contralto vocalist, was entertaining a packed house. It is impossible to steal a march on a music-hall. I sincerely believe that if a man had a hurried high-tea at Lyon's new "Pop," and dashed across the road to the "Pav," he would find that he had missed a musical sketch, a "beau siffleur," and a delicate thing in head-balancing. Anyhow, when we arrived the audience had settled down to a good evening's entertainment, about the same time that the male theatre-goer, in order to explain the characters to his fair companion, is forced to fall back on his own recollection of the appearance of the players, owing to the difficulty he experiences in deciphering a programme in the gloom which usually enwraps the auditorium of a theatre.

Miss Doreen's contralto tones were floating through the swing doors during our colloquy at the box office. The personality of the singer and her method of singing remain when the subject-matter of her song is totally forgotten. Miss Doreen has a most engaging personality, and her breathy, nasal, production has the curious effect of recalling the vocalisation of Mr. Hadyn Coffin. Her voice booms through the throat, part of it escaping down her pretty nose, the rest ringing against her pearly teeth. Whether this be the orthodox method of production, it is for professors of singing to adjudicate. The effect of this method to the layman is very pleasing.

Foreman and Fannan are styled "Cross-talk Comedians," and their repartee is amusing. The

Mr. Harry Tate, in his breathlessly funny concoction entitled "Fishing"



Mr. George Mozart
Gives an impression of an elderly lady skipping out of the way of a motor-car

tramp comedian has a humour as deathless as that of the circus clown of our youth. The tramp comedian, like the clown, cannot help being funny. The red nose, the bleary eyes, the buttoned-up moth-eaten fur coat, barely concealing the first shoots of a scraggy black beard—one cannot view this striking make-up and remain grave.

Miss Alice Pierce is a young lady of quite exceptional talent. The average mimic is content to copy a performer who himself (or herself) is copying an original character. Miss Pierce models her performance on the original character with a breadth which enhances the middleman (or woman). Her range is comprehensive, and does not stop at "impressions of well-known artists." Once she imitated an American boy chewing gum at a baseball match. The memory of that youth is evergreen.

Mr. George Mozart regaled us with his conception of the various mannerisms which people fall into in their anxiety to fall out of the way of motor-cars. All his impersonations were funny, especially that of an elderly female. Mr. Harry Tate's concoction, "Fishing," is a breathless affair. He never gives you time to finish out a laugh, but hurries you on to a fresh outburst. But if Mr. Stead ever finds his way into the Pavilion, there is an end to the calm which has settled upon the Behring Sea.

At the Savoy Theatre

Mrs. Brown-Potter must be congratulated upon her change of bill at the Savoy. *Forget-me-not*, indeed, is but a specimen of early machine-made drama, but it makes so little pretensions to concealing its age—if we except the introduction of a line in which a motor-car is utilised to point a jest—that one views it with a curious and sympathetic interest. There is little in the play beyond the struggle for mastery between a wicked marquise and a man of the world. There are effective moments in this duel of wits, but the affair is too long drawn out, and the effect of them was rather discounted by the matter-of-fact manner in which Mr. Fred Kerr played the *rôle* of Sir Horace Welby. He never suggested what was obviously the design of the playwright, viz., a tendency to weaken when the marquise exerted her fascination upon him. When Mrs. Brown-Potter gave her slow, wide-lipped smile of seduction, Mr. Kerr's look of boredom struck a bizarre note of comedy.

In *Cavalleria Rusticana*, Mrs. Brown-Potter was much more at home. That emotional note in her acting, which is so often out of keeping with the *entourage* of a modern play, was exactly suited to this drama of passion. Her Santuzza is a remarkably vivid piece of work. E. C. S.

Miss Alice Pierce's impression of Miss Edna May in "The School Girl"

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Opening of the Season

The arrangements for this season are now practically complete, and of the series of periodical events to which seasoned concert-goers always look forward, perhaps the most important are the engagements of the London Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra. Both these bodies are giving their first concerts this week; the former—who, it is whispered, may be expected to prove somewhat formidable rivals to their late fellows of Queen's Hall—have been fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Cowen as conductor on Thursday, whilst Herr Nikisch and Sir Edward Elgar have promised to conduct on future occasions. For those, however, who prefer to listen to a good ballad concert, opportunities are to be afforded every alternate Saturday, while a number of recitals have also been arranged.

Photo by *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Miss Violet Elliott

The lady "bass" who is now singing at the Alhambra

Bronislaw Hubermann

A young violinist who is attracting considerable attention is Bronislaw Hubermann, who gave his first recital last Wednesday, and is announced to give a second this week. Born in Warsaw in 1882, he made his *début* under interesting circumstances at Madame Adelina Patti's farewell concert in Vienna in January, 1895. He appeared first, however, in his native town two years previously, and shortly afterwards Joachim, hearing him play, agreed to superintend his studies. After alternately studying and touring, he again appeared in public; and in the summer of last year was paid the high compliment of being invited to play on Paganini's violin, which is carefully preserved by the Municipality of Genoa.

Mark Hambourg's Recital

It must be confessed that Mr. Mark Hambourg's recital was distinctly disappointing. Years ago, when he won the Liszt scholarship, it was hoped that when his ideas had had time to expand, he would develop into a veritable master, for no one could deny his wonderful technique. He hardly seems to have fulfilled his destiny, though his dexterity certainly is marvellous. He played all the notes of the Waldstein sonata brilliantly and accurately enough, but one sought in vain for any meaning or expression which might lie hid in them, and which one might commonly suppose Beethoven intended them to convey. It is true that the pianoforte itself seemed to be eminently unsuited to a just rendering of any but the lightest and softest music; that, however, can hardly be held responsible for want of sympathy on the part of the performer. His playing of the Etudes of Chopin was simply a *tour de force* and very little else, though, in some of the lighter of Brahms's "Variations on a Theme of Handel," his interpretation was happier. His mannerisms were, let me say, laughable, to avoid using a stronger word, and I should add that Queen's Hall was filled with an appreciative audience.

The Lady "Bass"

Miss Violet Elliott, who is not greatly enamoured of her somewhat appalling title of the "lady bass," is more justly described as possessing a contralto voice of exceptional range. A native of Australia, Miss Elliott declares that her first training consisted in shouting "Coo-ee" in the Australian bush. Be that as it may, her voice is certainly exceptional, and in singing the lower D she descends a semitone below Madame Patey, who, however, succeeded in singing E flat in the transept at the Crystal Palace, which is hardly an ideal place for sound. It may be added that the usual contralto voice extends to about G.

Arrangements for the Week

I propose to give each week in THE BYSTANDER a tabulated list of concerts and recitals which are to take place during the week. This week's list is as follows:

Wednesday, October 26
St. James's Hall. Hubermann's Second Violin Recital, at 3.

Thursday, October 27
Queen's Hall. London Symphony Orchestra Concert, at 3.

Friday, October 28
Queen's Hall. Boosey Ballad Concert, at 3.

Saturday, October 29
Queen's Hall. Queen's Hall Orchestra Concert, at 3.

Monday, October 31
Bechstein Hall. Sarasate's Second Violin Recital, at 3.

Tuesday, November 1
Steinway Hall. Emil Krall's 1st 'Cello Recital, at 3. [H. F.

ZUTKA (?)^{n}

A MYSTERY-TURN AT THE HIPPODROME

Going!

Zutka? (with notes of interrogation to the n^{th} power). The greatest puzzle of the day. Is he a live man or a mechanical toy? Zutka is carried into the arena of the London Hippodrome in a box, about two feet square. When the exhibitor lets down the ends of the box, the head of a pierrot appears at one end and the feet at the other. Presently there emerges a figure of a man about six feet four inches tall. Having placed the mystery on its feet, and having connected it with a dynamo, Zutka bows to the audience. Then one begins to puzzle one's brains. It's a man! so one says one moment. No, it's a doll, one is equally sure the next minute. But doll or man—how does he squeeze into the box?

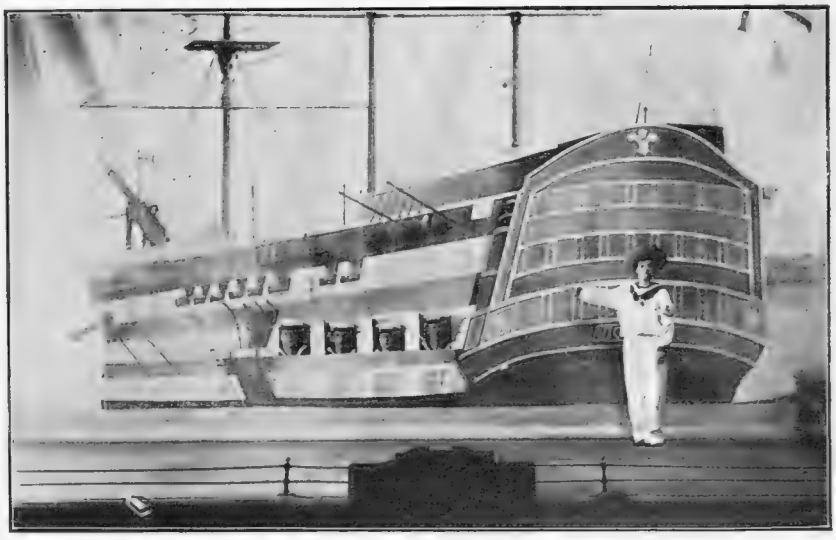
Almost gone

"Zutka," as he appears when he is first unpacked

"Trafalgar Day" at the Empire Palace, Portsmouth

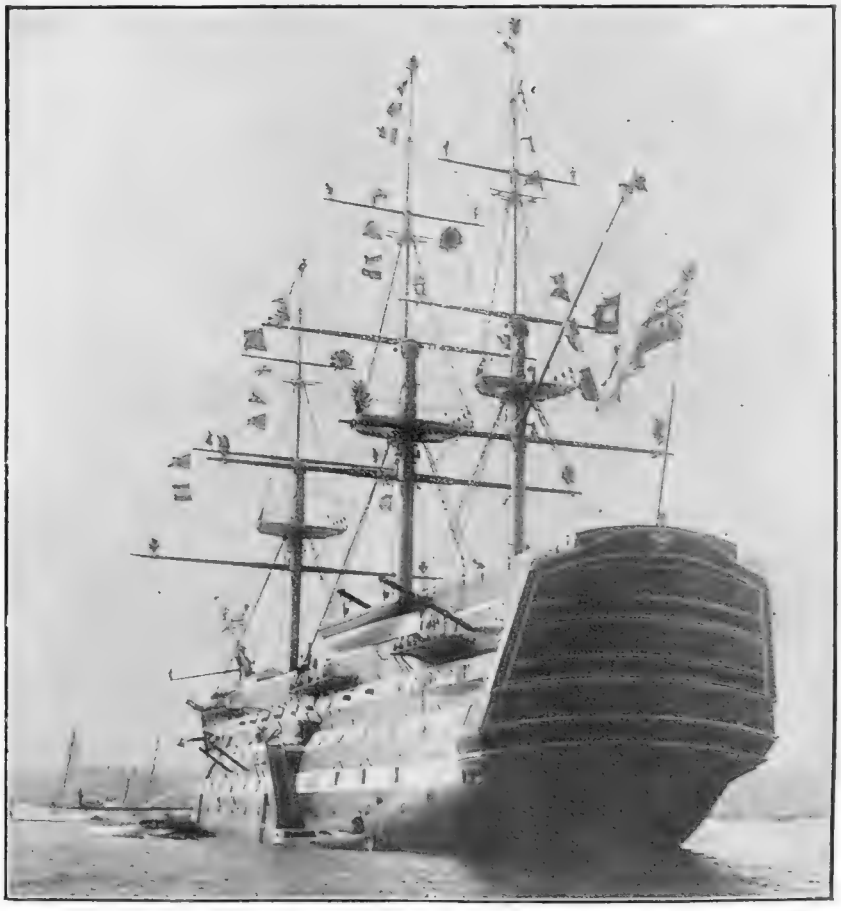
Photos by

Miss Cissie Dryden and an "Excellent" chorus



"The Victory" on the stage of the Empire Palace, Portsmouth

"Trafalgar Day" was celebrated in most stirring and realistic style last Friday at the Empire Palace, Portsmouth. Miss Cissie Dryden, the well-known music-hall artist, introduced a new naval song, entitled "Sailors of the Empire." The scene depicted the immortal *Victory*, and through the port-holes were seen real Jack Tars from H.M.S. *Excellent*, who joined heartily in the chorus



Critc

Nelson's old flagship, "Victory," as decorated on "Trafalgar Day"

CONCERNING ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER

(NO. 47 OF THE SERIES)

"Jacky," as Mr. Gilbert tells us in the naval ballad of Frederick Gowler, is "a kind of tobaccy." It is also a kind of Admiral, and a very good sort too; being the other name of Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, G.C.B., who on Thursday last, at sunset, struck his flag on board the *Victory* as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and at once took up his new and well-deserved appointment as Senior Sea Lord at the Admiralty.

It is characteristic of these latter days that this supremely important post should be given to a radical reformer. The expression of divine discontent which close observers have noted in Sir John Fisher's countenance has always been there, since first he began to perceive, as a midshipman of thirteen years of age, the serious defects which threaten the efficiency of the Navy. For fifty years the conviction was slowly maturing in him that something ought to be done, and at last he was called to Whitehall as Second Sea Lord, and instructed to revolutionise as requisite. He was only in that position a year; but the fruit of that year was the elaborate scheme of reform, affecting the entire *personnel* of the Service, in the naval training of officers and men, which was published to the world on Christmas Day, 1902.

Being thereafter transferred to Portsmouth as Commander-in-Chief, Sir John has been busy superintending, there and at Osborne, the operation of his own scheme, which is understood to have completed the changes made necessary by the substitution of steam power for sail in the Navy. A large body of opinion exists among the senior members of the Service to the effect that this plan of Sir John's is premature. They do not like to see things rushed.

Finding one revolution not enough to occupy him at Portsmouth, Sir John turned his attention to the dockyard organisation there, and introduced a number of changes with the novel and remarkable object of insuring speedy and complete mobilisation in the event of the outbreak of war. It is this peculiarity of his—this habit of considering the Navy with reference to the possibility of its being called upon to fight—that marks him out among his colleagues.

Many of them do not half like the idea. There was, for example, a good deal of protest among the seniors when Sir John, as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet a few years ago, instituted the practice of explaining to all officers the plan of campaign to be adopted in the event of war. The readiness with which he thus upset the salutary tradition by which only a small proportion of those in authority know what they are doing was characteristic of the man

And yet, if anybody has a right to be attached to the ancient stupidities of the Navy, it is Sir John Fisher; for it was in the days of the Crimean War that he joined his first ship, and he was the last midshipman received into the Service by Sir William Parker, who was, as his tombstone at Winchfield records, the last of Nelson's captains.

The strain of sentiment, however, which makes men love all imbecilities of ancient date was left out of the composition of Admiral Fisher. It was the recognition of this fact in high quarters that led to his being appointed a member of Lord Esher's famous Council of Three for the turning inside out of the War Office. This appointment, together with those already named, make up a very respectable record of distinguished public service in the course of the past five years.

But he had long before been recognised as an organising genius. He has been Controller of the Navy and Director of Ordnance in his time. His services as Senior Sea Lord have been secured in the nick of time, so to speak, for the year 1906 is that indicated by the age-clause as his last in the Navy.

The first ship in which Sir John Fisher went to sea was a small sailing two-decker, with nothing very remarkable about it but an inscription, in letters of gold, set up in a prominent place, and consisting of two lines: The first line, SILENCE! and beneath it, DEEDS, NOT WORDS. In subsequent years, every ship that Sir John commanded had that same sentiment publicly displayed, for the edification of officers and men. It is one of the old ideas that he finds still worth something.

Many years after that inscription first caught his eye, Sir John came across another Navy motto. "When I was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean," said Sir John to the company at this year's Royal Academy banquet, "I went to inspect a small destroyer, only 260 tons, but such was her pride and swagger that she might have been 16,000. (Laughter). The lieutenant in command took me round. She was beautifully in order, and I came aft to the wheel and saw there, 'Ut veniant omnes.' 'Hullo,' I said, 'what the deuce is that?' Saluting me, he said, 'Let 'em all come.' (Great laughter and cheers.)"

Sir John has served his country on almost every naval station. He has fought the Russians and the Chinese, bombarded Alexandria, and was in command of the famous ironclad train against Arabi Pasha. He represented our Navy at The Hague Conference—when, by the way, he got himself called "the dancing Admiral"; for at sixty-three he is still a dancing man on the heroic scale. He is a tireless worker, a born administrator, and one of the most valuable men in the Empire.

The Senior Sea Lord at the Admiralty

DRAWN BY FRED. J. JACOBS

THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE (NEW EDITION)

Lord Porksby (lately elevated to the Peerage, to spendthrift Son): "Are you aware who you are talking to, sir?"

Son (coolly): "Yes, quite! You are the son of a tradesman—*I* am the son of a peer"

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton)." Edited by Richard Harris, K.C. 2 vols. (Arnold: 30*s.* net.)

"The Feminine Note in Literature." By W. L. Courtney. A series of critical studies of some of the prominent women writers of the day. (Chapman and Hall: 5*s.* net.)

"Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century." By Sidney Lee. A series of six biographical and critical studies. (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"A Japanese Romance." By Clive Holland. (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*)

"The Lady Electra." Short stories by Robert Barr. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Closed Book." By William Le Queux. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Garden of Allah." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Truants." By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder and Co.: 6*s.*)

"Whosoever Shall Offend." By Marion Crawford. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Abbess of Vlaye." By Stanley Weyman. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

"The Brethren." By Rider Haggard. (Cassell: 6*s.*)

"Beatrice of Venice." By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LETTER

From JASPER SPEKE, *Barrister-at-Law, to* SIR JOHN HEAVITREE, *Bart., Lestead Hall, Norfolk*

Fleet Street, October 24, 1904

MY DEAR SQUIRE,—

I have an excellent list of novels to recommend to you this week. *The Garden of Allah*, by Robert Hichens (Methuen), is perhaps the most striking of them. It is written at great length, and apparently with a determination to leave no minute thing unsaid that may illustrate a mood or illuminate a motive. Perhaps a novelist of the highest rank—only where are they nowadays?—would have made his meaning clear with less laborious dwelling upon detail, but Mr. Hichens is justified in his method by the fact that one can read every word he writes, and in the *Garden of Allah* he has given us a fine and original story, admirably told, and providing not a little food for reflection. Its motive one may take to be the glamour and the freedom of the Great Desert, and there is probably no one who can write with quite so much feeling and understanding on that subject as Mr. Hichens. It will not be easy to forget his descriptions of the actual garden on the very edge of the Sahara, which gives its title to the book, nor of the days and nights of travel when the green things of the earth have been left behind, or only met with in the evening halt by the waters of an oasis. Of the story itself, it is not necessary to say more than that it contains a problem of great interest, and that opinions may very well differ as to whether the author has solved it aright.

The mantle of the late Henry Seton Merriman seems to have descended upon Mr. A. E. W. Mason, whose later novels are far more like those of the author of "With Edged Tools" than his own earlier ones. There is the same mixture of scenes from the leisurely English life and adventures in other countries. There are the same sort of heroes and villains, the same pitting of wits against wits, and the same use of the arm of coincidence. *The Truants* (Smith, Elder and Co.) is as good a story in this style as one could wish to read. Its scenes are laid in London drawing-rooms, in country houses, on the Riviera, in an East-End mission, a North Sea trawler, in Africa with the French Foreign Legion, and in Morocco, so that there is no lack of variety. There is no lack of movement either or of sustained and somewhat thrilling expectancy. And Mr. Mason's characters are alive. Their minds move as well as their bodies. There is not a dull page from beginning to end of *The Truants*, and I am sure you will read it with pleasure.

It is over twenty years since Mr. Marion Crawford wrote "Mr. Isaacs," and he has written more than a book a year since that auspicious start. Some of them have been surprisingly good, and others—well, not quite so good. But there can be no fault to find with *Whosoever Shall Offend* (Macmillan). It is a thoroughly stirring story It contains scenes as good as any this clever novelist has ever invented, and not a little acute observation of life and character to give salt to its situations. Mr. Crawford has developed his gifts during the years he has been writing, and at his best there are few living novelists who can equal him for combining these two important talents — devising stirring scenes and interesting his readers in the characters who act them. He is very near his best in *Whosoever Shall Offend.*

Mr. Stanley Weyman, in *The Abbess of Vlaye* (Longmans) exhibits his usual amazing skill in

weaving a series of exciting incidents into a fully-developed romance. He is not a Dumas, for Dumas allowed himself some breathing space between his exciting scenes, and Mr. Weyman allows himself none, but he is as near to Dumas as any English romancer has ever been, except Charles Reade in "The Cloister and the Hearth," and he is head and shoulders above every one of his numerous school of followers. *The Abbess of Vlaye* is as good as "The Gentleman of France," and that is saying a good deal.

Mr. Rider Haggard's *The Brethren* (Cassell) is a story of the time of the Crusades, full of adventure and fighting, kidnapping and rescuing. It is not so entertaining as "King Solomon's Mines," but it is a good story all the same, and one that Mr. Haggard's many admirers will welcome.

Beatrice of Venice, by Max Pemberton (Hodder and Stoughton), closes my list. This, also, is a capital story of adventure, into which the figure of the Great Napoleon is introduced with excellent effect. The scene is laid in Venice at the time of the siege.

You may read any or all of these six novels with the certainty of being well entertained.

Believe me, my dear Squire,
Ever yours sincerely,
JASPER SPEKE.

Books to Appear Shortly

Travel books, apparently, are not in favour just at present, but there should be room for a book which Colonel Colin Harding has written—*In Remotest Barotseland*. Colonel Harding, who is the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. Charles Harding, of Montacute Abbey, Somersetshire, has had an adventurous career since he went to Africa. He won his commission in the British South Africa Police during the Mashonaland War, after acting as galloper to Colonel Anderson, then commanding the Mashonaland Field Force, and was not only twice mentioned in despatches, but also received the C.M.G. for his services. In 1897 he was promoted major in the British South Africa Police, and in the following year proceeded to North Rhodesia, where he recruited and equipped a force of 500 police for that district. This led to his appointment as Acting Administrator in Barotseland, and it was in connection with his duties in that capacity that he made the journeys from the Victoria Falls to the source of the Zambesi, described in his forthcoming book, which Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are to publish.

Mr. Robert Hichens' translation of Octave Mirbeau's brilliant play, "Les Affaires Sont les Affaires," which Mr. Alexander is to produce at the St. James's Theatre, will be issued at the same time by Mr. Heinemann in book form. Meantime, the newspapers report that *Business is Business*, as the translation of the play is called, has been very successfully produced on the stage in New York, though the description of it as a "powerful sermon" is hardly the kind of praise, perhaps, to ensure it an unqualified success in London.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, as in her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," makes a strong appeal to parents in her new romance, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to publish next month, but, like several other prominent novelists of late, she has gone to the supernatural for the outline of her plot. *In the Closed Room*, as her book is called, is about the strangely imaginative child of an artisan, Judith Foster by name, who lives in dreams, and speaks not of "falling asleep," but of "falling awake"—so much more real to her are her imaginary experiences than the every-day doings of the world. Then her father and mother are appointed caretakers of a mansion in the West End, the occupiers of which have gone abroad after the death of an only child. Here Judith discovers, from a painting, that the dead child has for years been her dream companion, and in the "closed room" she meets her and plays with her. Prompted by her mysterious playmate, Judith re-arranges the furniture of the room, and when the distracted mother suddenly re-visits the house she finds the room exactly as it was when her child died. In the middle of the room, however, lies the body of little Judith Foster.

It is true, perhaps, that Rabelais has had less than justice done to him in England so far as English editions of his work are concerned, but Rabelais, with his unbridled wit, is hardly the author to be properly appreciated by the general reader in this country. It is not, however, to the man in the street that Mr. Grant Richards appeals in announcing a new and expensive edition of the *Great French Classic*, in two illustrated volumes. Many artists, from Gustave Doré downwards, have endeavoured to do justice to the gigantesque figures of Gargantua and Pantagruel, and now Mr. Heath Robinson has taken them in hand. Altogether he has provided 250 illustrations for the work. By a fortunate coincidence, Messrs. Constable will publish about the same time—early next month—an essay on Rabelais, by Mr. Charles Whibley, in a volume entitled, *Literary Portraits*, which will also contain studies on Commines, Casanova, Urquhart, and several of the famous Tudor Translators, as well as one or two essays in a lighter vein.

At the end of the month Mr. Heinemann will publish a book of Indian stories by an Indian writer—Sarath Kumar Ghosh, by name—though it remains to be seen whether or not the author "will assuredly," as his publisher declares, "be acclaimed as the Indian Kipling." The stories describe the trials which an Indian juggler is condemned by the king to undergo as punishment for his presumption in loving the princess. Each incident is said to be founded on one of the traditional feats of Indian magic.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. Hilaire Belloc

A book of a kind very unusual in English literature is attracting much attention at present—from the critics, if not from the public. I refer to Mr. Hilaire Belloc's mordant picture of British life, "Emanuel Burden." Our reading public has a stubborn preference for "the novel with a story," and as Mr. Belloc is something far better than a mere weaver of plots, I am doubtful if his latest book will be as successful as some new novels which do not possess one tithe of its cleverness. Irony is a quality which your average Philistine has no great taste for, and understands best when it is underlined, after the manner of Artemus Ward, "This is writ sarcastic!" Now, Mr. Belloc does not believe in underlining, and his wit is so subtle that we may reasonably doubt if his work is ever likely to be as popular as, say, Mr. Hall Caine's. That will not distress him, however, for he is one of the younger school of authors who write for joy of the sport, and pour out their talent with no higgler's eye on the publisher's till. It is only eight years since his first effort at authorship was made, with that entertaining trifle, "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts." This was written while he was taking his final schools at Oxford; and other works of his were inspired by the comic muse, until, in 1899, he gave us that admirable study of Danton, his first contribution to serious literature. Of all his writings, my own favourite is "The Path to Rome," in which, with the daintiest of humour, he describes a tramp from Paris to the Eternal City. Mr. Belloc had interests at both ends of his journey, for he is half French by birth, and wholly so in temperament, while he looks to Rome, I fancy, in matters of religion. I noticed someone stating recently that he "speaks English perfectly," and I have heard him introduced to a literary gathering as "M'sieu Belloc," but although he was at one time a French conscript, and resided as a youth in France, he claims to have as much English as French blood in his veins. After Mr. Bodley, there is no writer so well equipped for interpreting the two races to each other. He is one of the most brilliant speakers I have ever listened to, and I can well understand the great reputation he won at the Oxford Union, of which he is an ex-president.

Photo by *Hills and Saunders*

Mr. Hilaire Belloc

Author of "Emanuel Burden," a brilliant new novel of English public life

Style in Fiction

A French criticism of the style of Mr. H. G. Wells aroused a good deal of discussion the other week. We all know that almost every French writer makes an effort to form a decent literary style, while his English compeer is content to scrape along in the most slovenly fashion so long as he can spin a yarn. Mr. Wells can spin a yarn, and that is why his books are so highly popular in France, where the yarn-spinners are not so numerous. Personally, I shall never cease to urge the need of style on English novelists; but there are times when my faith in the stylist wavers. I have been reading with intense interest Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new novel "The Farm of the Dagger"—a far finer book in my estimation than "The American Prisoner," which dealt with the same scenes and the same period—and I am persuaded that this gifted author is yet some way short of that finished style at which we have seen him aiming steadily in all his books. One wonders what Mr. Wells' French critic would say of this sentence: "Coffin thus spoke of England, not the venerable forest which now offered him such sure shelter." The last three words hiss like a flock of geese, and, of course, we are not meant to suppose that the forest was capable of speaking, even if it had wished to do so. On two opposite pages Mr. Phillpotts tells us that the River Dart might sleep for a year, and that it is sleepless. These and the like are small blemishes, I grant you, and are only worth noting in one who is really an artist and not a scribbler of sloppy fiction.

How do Lovers Talk?

But here is a graver matter. The heroine of this same story by Mr. Phillpotts is a girl of seventeen, born and bred on a lonely Dartmoor farm, a veritable child of nature. A poetical youth

comes her way, and promptly the two fall in love. We can forgive one who has been introduced to us as a poet declaring his passion thus:

> In all else I say you will be first, but in love never. You cannot love me more than I love you, because I love with every red drop of blood in my veins, and I am bigger than you; therefore I love best.

But what shall we say of the simple moorland lass who responds in this fashion?:

> You should, sweetheart, if my love was bounded in the little body of me. But 'tis bigger than that, an' lovelier, else 'twas vain indeed. My love be in the morning, when it lights your opening eyes; my love do steal to 'e an' kiss 'e in the mist, an' drops softly out of the rain. It do sing to 'e in the river an' from every grey-bird's throat. Oh, believe it, my love goes to the stars to fetch light for 'e when you'm night-foundered; it twinkles out of heaven—'tis earth-wide, an' deeper than the sea—'tis the best gift of God—my own dearest treasure—poured out for 'e for evermore, in this world an' the next.

Now, it may be that I know nothing about love, but I am strongly of opinion that if any young man—even one who thought himself a poet—were to hear his sweetheart talk to him in that way, he would fear she ought to be in Colney Hatch, and not roaming at large on Dartmoor. I should be grateful to any correspondent who has been madly in love if he (or she) would tell me if lovers ever talk as they do in "The Farm of the Dagger."

Mr. A. St. John Adcock

On the other hand, I am perfectly certain there is not a single love passage in Mr. St. John Adcock's new novel that might not be a transcript from real life. "In Fear of Man" is a piece of sound fiction, remorselessly true to human nature, and bearing on every page the clear impress of truth. It is the tragedy of a minister who married beneath his social position in the spirit of that altruism he preached, but whose wife fell under the spell of drink, as her mother had done before her. Mr. Adcock is still attracted by the life of East London which he knows so well and can depict so vividly, but although there is not a little that is grim in this new book it is relieved by the brightness of his style, and a happy touch of epigram which is rather a fresh feature of this author's writing. "I must say, you literary folks don't seem to think much of each other," says one of his characters. "We do though. That is why we think so little of each other," replies Mr. Drake. A hit, Mr. Adcock! There are few of our younger authors and journalists who have had a more varied career than Mr. Adcock. Born with scribbler's mania, and an inordinate appetite for books, he has been writing and reading as long as he can remember. He is of the glorious company who can say that in their struggling days they have gone without meals in order to buy books: the surest test of literary enthusiasm. For a good many years Mr. Adcock was in the legal profession, and his journalism was the occupation of his leisure. In those days he did all sorts of writing in prose and verse, comic and serious; but ten years ago he turned his back on the law, and has been steadily building up a reputation as a serious novelist and a writer of light literature, while his little book of poems, "From a London Garden," published last year, was warmly received as the work of a true poet deserving no mean place on the "lower slopes." Born in London forty years ago, his affections are all for the life of the great City, and Mr. Elkin Matthews is publishing this season a new collection of descriptive sketches from his pen, entitled "London Etchings."

Photo by *Augustis Cooper*

Mr. A. St. John Adcock

Author of "In Fear of Man," a powerful new novel of East and West London

Mr. Pinero and the Drama

With the representation of Mr. Pinero's new play I have no concern, since I am not a playgoer. But to Mr Pinero as a writer of drama no literary man can be indifferent, and the widely-discussed incident of the doll leads me to turn to the dramatist's essay on R. L. Stevenson's plays for words of his own to condemn this contemptible stage trick. "What is dramatic talent?" he asks. "Is it not the power to project characters, and to cause them to tell an interesting story *through the medium of dialogue*?" Yes, Mr. Pinero, that is so; and we assent again when you go on to tell us that in addition to this the playwright requires *theatrical* talent, which "consists in the power of making your characters not only tell a story *by means of dialogue*, but tell it in such skilfully-devised form and order as shall, within the limits of an ordinary theatrical representation, give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre." There is no opening here for dolls, yet the definition is not too austere: it served for a Shakespeare, for a Molière. Most of Mr. Pinero's plays have (like Shakespeare's) appeared in book form. It would be difficult to reproduce his doll's antics in a book.

SPECIAL THEATRE SUPPLEMENT

Fair Thespian Maids

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Jennie Bateman, now playing in "The Catch of the Season," at the Vaudeville Theatre

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Ada Reeve, the heroine of "Winnie Brooke, Widow," now being played in its original musical form

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss May Sarony, now appearing in "The Orchid," at the Gaiety Theatre

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

PLAYERS AND PLAYGOERS

Miss Elsie Kay, Miss Maie Ash, and Miss Kathleen Dawn, who are now playing in "The Catch of the Season," at the Vaudeville Theatre

OUR SHORT STORY

THE BUNDU DEVIL

A STUDY IN SUGGESTION

By HUGH EDWARDS

The man who gave the Bundu Devil to Ottley was McKae. Mac and Stewart, with a party of carriers, had been up-country on two months' leave of absence. Four having deserted on the road, only three boys were left out of the seven that had originally started, and one of these bore the Bundu Devil upon his head, where it was strapped to the gun cases. Every right-minded subaltern in Sierra Leone collects devils to take home to his people. Picked up in market-places that are a glare of dust and colour, or bargained for in squalid villages by the wayside, they come in time to figure in chaste drawing-rooms, impassive shapes alluded to by fond parents in sentences beginning, "My boy in West Africa——"

Sunburned almost as black as Kroo-boys, unshaven, grafted with the red dust of the Protectorate, the two subalterns came to Mount Auriol, where Ottley, in pyjamas, and passing pale after his last attack of malaria, was sitting on the steps of his bungalow.

"The Gods arrive," said Ottley; and the three native boys, recognising the fact that a greeting between officers means a halt, removed the bundles from their heads and squatted incontinently in their tracks.

Stewart was a silent man, but McKae spoke flowingly to Ottley in his engaging drawl, relating a number of adventures so surprising and so involved that Ottley could hardly follow him. He was left with the idea that McKae was the most remarkable subaltern in the British Army. Afterwards, McKae called up the boy with the Bundu Devil.

"Here, Daddy! Let us introduce our travelling companion to the gentleman." The devil having been released, McKae took it lovingly in his arms and kissed its wooden face. "A small thing but mine own," says he. "He has made the return journey with us, bearing all privations with a wonderful pagan courage. I tell you, too, he is the original Graven Image, and no rotters need apply. 'Found him on a rock in a clearing in the bush, with beads and dead fowls and things at his feet. Fact; you ask Stewart. But there you are, Cockie," ended McKae; "take and be kind to him, and call him Charlie."

"Is it for me?" asked the delighted Ottley.

"I told Stewart you would be pleased no end," says McKae, and putting his arm in Stewart's, the two subalterns proceeded to their quarters.

It was what is known as a "good" devil—that is, it would stand upon its feet without being propped; its face was well carven, and had an Expression; its nakedness cried aloud; and lastly, what is a point, it was Large—nearly four feet high. Ottley did not exactly believe that McKae had found the devil as he said. Probably he had bought it in a village, for although devils are rare enough to be sought after, yet they are cheap when found. A disused razor, a kerosine oil tin, an old pipe, second-hand clothes, may all buy a god or a devil that a former generation of natives have bowed down to and worshipped. Now, everyone knows there is a Test for devils. If a dog will face a devil the devil is not a Real devil; and, as Ottley was the owner of one of those mongrels that wander, with a lean and hungry look and a *blasé* air that is almost human, about the streets of West African towns, he thought he could not do better than apply the test. The mongrel was engaged in chasing lizards—a futile sport—and Ottley sent his servant after it. When it had been captured, he took it into his room, and flopped it suddenly down before the image.

Never was a dog more instantly cowed. Again and again it was encouragingly urged to face the infernal presence, and each time, with its tail clapped between its legs, it slunk back. Once it growled, not threateningly, but fearfully, and bared its teeth; and once, when its master went to take it from where it crouched in a corner, it looked in his face with an almost human look of supplication—a look that one may at rare moments find in the faces of almost all animals cruelly bound by the whims and fancies of men. In that moment the subaltern was surprised by a vague and undefined fancy—a feeling that came and went in a flash, that was absurd, almost fantastic, almost unconscious (but he remembered it afterwards); in fact, for one instant, Ottley, still weak from his long fever, and perhaps sensitive to the mere shade of an impression—for one swift instant Ottley was almost afraid. And there stood the bedaubed idol, gazing with pained and contracted features upon vacancy.

Ottley had already six devils, but no one of them was so splendid in ugliness as this. It out-topped its comrades as Saul is said to have out-topped his. In these parts the regimental huts are built with great open hearths, wherein the wood fires are lighted to mitigate the cold and unwholesome damp of the rainy seasons, and above this hearth Ottley had arranged a shelf to hold his hewn images. He put the Bundu Devil in the centre—three devils on each side of it—and the idea of being the possessor of seven of these uncanny creatures took him like pride and self complacency. In honour of the superiority of his new possession, instead of decorating it as the others were decorated, with cast-off dog

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collars or strings of native beads, he placed round its neck a curious bangle of roughly-wrought gold, a trophy that he had obtained, after much acrimonious haggling, of a black workman returning from the mines. Afterwards he bathed, donned his white mess-kit, and went forth to dinner.

He sat up late in mess that night, playing Bridge. The medical officer, returning in his hammock from Tower Hill, where he had been dining with the Zouaves, saw him yawning over the cards through the lighted window, and was professionally annoyed, Ottley still being something of an invalid. So the subaltern returned to his quarters in the black night, turned up his lamp, and was instantly aware of the seven devils facing him. He bowed to them with becoming gravity, and directly addressing the last arrival:

"Oh, Bundu Devil," said he, "if there be any virtue in thee—if thou art true *duppy* and true *obeah*—protect this poor young man who is an exile from his native land. O, Genius of the Bush and the Swamp and the Mist and the Rain and the Glare, keep him from fever, from chill, snake-bite, sunstroke, and all other deadly ills, now and for evermore. O, Ancient Snake, Pride of Africa, Comrade of Kings, Familiar of Chiefs, give him active service, quick promotion, decorations, and long leave. So be it, and good-night, Old Son!" In saying this, he flicked the nose of the image, spread his hands, and bowed mockingly.

Before he undressed, he swallowed a pill containing five grains of quinine; then, as soon as he was stripped, got beneath the mosquito curtains in his nakedness, put out the lamp that stood on the regulation chair by his side, turned once or twice on the hard camp-bed, and was presently fast asleep.

In the deep night, suddenly he found himself awake. He had been dreaming bad dreams. He tortured himself to try to recall the subject of them. Something about cannibals?—no; something about the rites and ceremonies of native kings—something about torture?—yes, surely something about torture—he remembered now; he had been dreaming about the Bundu Devil. He could have smiled, only that he was aware of a bad headache, and a singing in his ears, the result of taking too much quinine.

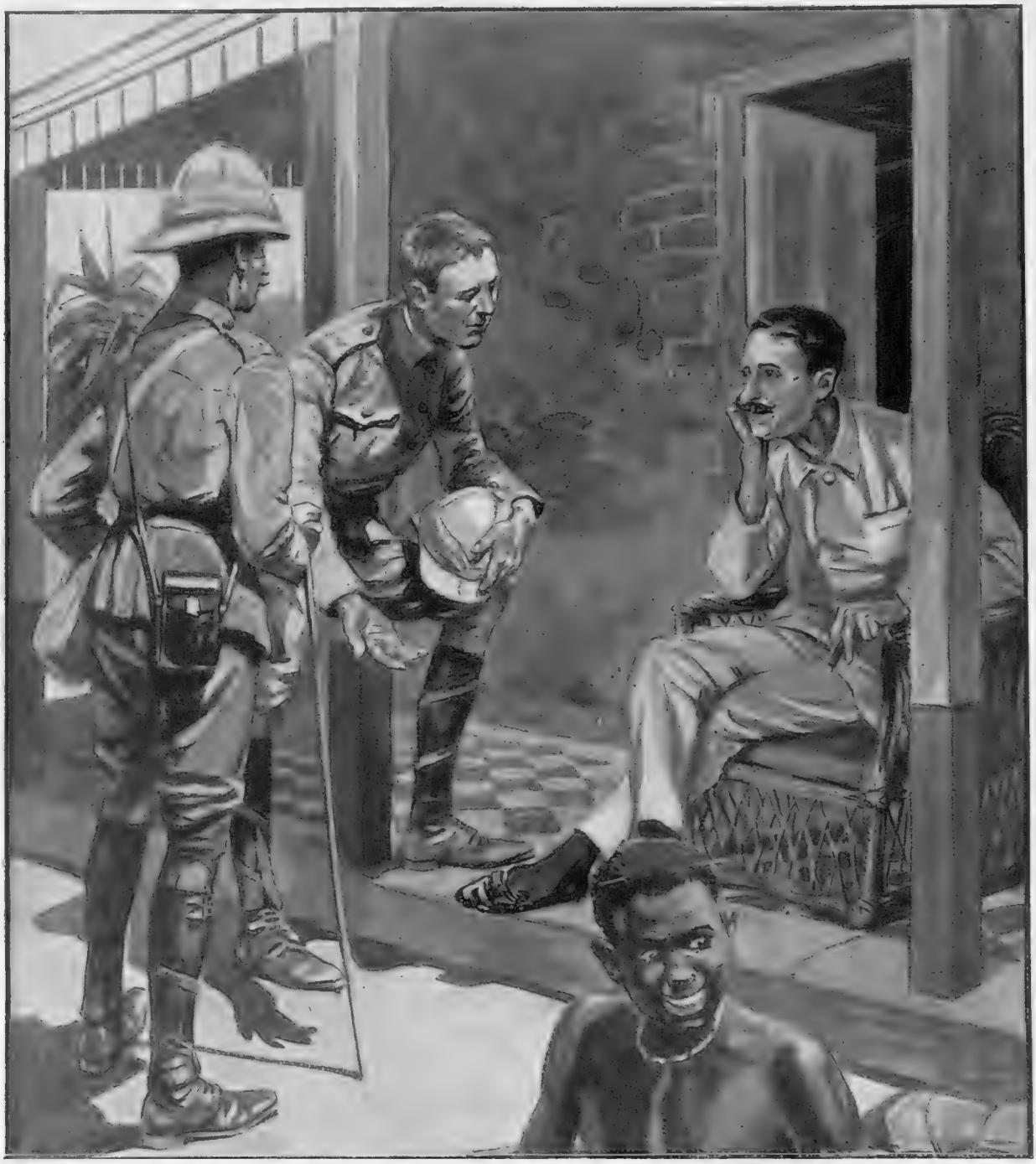
It was thick darkness. Not a breath disturbed that stifling atmosphere, and the strident hiss of countless creeping things seemed only to intensify an uncomfortable isolation. It was one of those tropical nights when the moon is hidden, and there are no stars, and the world seems given up to the toad and the bat—such a hot, oppressive night as may often be experienced on that lonely and mysterious coast when the rains are about to break. At such times, men breathe with difficulty, fever walks in the ways, and nerves are strung to breaking pitch.

The subaltern was unaccountably wide awake. He lay staring at darkness, conscious only of a certain intentness of attitude, a strange alertness, a strained attention. Both his pulses and his brain were throbbing. Some winged creature brushed the ceiling, struck the mosquito net, fell to the floor. He heard the irritating song of mosquitos. Nervous, depressed with fever, and with a certain anxiety that he could not account for, he sat up on his elbow. Then something moved.

Something moved in his room. Something that was neither a rat nor a scudding cockroach—something secret, formidable, and harmful. He was aware of this more by intuition than anything else, for the sound was faint, swift, illusory—the shadow of a sound, and yet compelling in its suggestion of another presence. And as he had but just awakened out of nightmare, as the darkness was so heavy that he could feel its pressure, as the fever had again laid hold of him while he slept, he heard the sound with a shock of terror that thrilled along every nerve.

He lay rigid; desperately listening. There was no repetition of the sound. A rat gnawed in a corner with a surprising loud noise, the winged thing began to brush the ceiling again, the mosquitos murmured persistently, the night outside his room was alive with the voices of insects; but Ottley was familiar with all these sounds; he took no note of them. That other sound had been different. One of his bizarre fancies was that it had been made by something Big—as big as himself; and another, that the thing was intangible—was not human.

"Nerves!" he said to himself, and sat up in bed. The attitude brought the dim square of the window in view; he could see it faintly glimmering through the mosquito-net, but the night was so dark that this was the only suggestion of light that offered itself. At first all was as dark as the pit. Then, very gradually, it appeared to him that he could make out dim shapes—a more pronounced darkness where the table was—a faint lustre that was the ink-stand. His eyes struggled with the overwhelming gloom—he turned them peeringly here and there—but where the hearth was he did not look. Why not? He did not tell himself why not. At the back of his mind was a thought that he attempted to stifle but could not—a wild, a whimsical idea produced partly by his fever and partly by his recent dream. It seemed to him that he was alone with some unholy element of the still and hateful night. He dreaded to turn his eyes towards the shelf above the hearth because, in so pitiful a condition were his nerves, he dreaded to see the gold collar of the Bundu Devil. He would not be able to make out the wooden figures, but the collar would glimmer, would suggest the black head above it, would suggest the painted eyes and the ugly gaping mouth. The window had a more cheerful aspect. Surely in a little while the day would come, and the daylight flood the room and show him the prosaic furniture that was now only ghostly shapes. Surely it was almost time for the bugles to sound the reveille; he caught himself listening for the first shrill notes of it. It was while his eyes were thus fixed upon the window, while he thus anxiously awaited the dawn, that he was aware of a dark object that crept, curiously crab-like, along the window-ledge. One two, three steps it seemed to take—then paused—then one, two steps—then another pause, and no further movement. Was it a frog?—it was about the size of a frog, and yet had he ever seen a frog crawl like that? He had not, and ice and fire ran in his veins. The grisly-looking thing had moved without a sound, as silent as a tarantula. Was it a tarantula? He



"McKae spoke flowingly, relating a number of adventures"

knew it was not. Then what was it? At that very moment the thing made a quick movement, was outlined against the glimmering pane, and then disappeared; and in that moment he saw what it was. It was a hand—long, lean, and black—a hand stretched tentatively to the window-sill as if seeking for a firm clasp upon it. And the window-sill was some four feet above the floor. As he recognised this fact, as he thought of the height of the Bundu Devil, as he remembered his dream, it seemed to the subaltern that, if he were to lose control of himself for one instant, his teeth would chatter with a miserable fear. For the first time he looked towards the hearth, and then for the first time, also, the appalling reality of his fear rushed into his mind. For there could be no doubt that the Bundu Devil was not upon the shelf. Not only was there no faint glitter of the gold collar, but the space the idol had occupied was a blank of darkness in contrast with the blacker shadows on each side of it where the smaller images stood. He turned his eyes awfully back to the window and the space between the sill and the floor. In that space of darkness something shone for a brief time, and then vanished, and with a shocking suddenness he knew that it was the gold collar.

He put out a shaking hand to the loaded revolver that lay by the lamp on the chair by the bedside, grasped the butt of it through the mosquito-net, turned the barrel towards the window, and, calling on the name of God, pulled the trigger.

In that quiet room, in that stilly night, the report

that followed seemed astounding. He was aware of a shrill cry, of a black figure that flung itself against the window and went through it into the night in a crash of shattered glass. And almost immediately he heard the stentorian voice of the fat major who slept in the hut next door.

"Up the hill, the picquet!—Scatter!"

And at the same time the captain of artillery, who always seemed to be in evidence in the most ludicrous fashion, came stumbling up the steps of the hut, cramming cartridges into his revolver as if his life depended upon it.

"My dear boy! My dear Ottley! For Gawd's sake, what is the matter? What has happened?" he gasped, and immediately fell over a chair, and cursed aloud.

With trembling fingers Ottley groped for the matches and lit the lamp. There was a running to and fro; he heard voices, native and European, that shouted orders—his room was invaded by a host of men in flannel pyjamas. A night of quiet and mystery had been suddenly transformed into a scene of absurd reality.

Ottley sat on his bed, and his face was white like ashes. Some one gave him brandy. He heard the voice of the fat major, who was always intensely practical.

"It's all right, Cockie. We've got him."

"Got whom?" asked Ottley, and stared foolishly.

"Why, the thief, man, of course! By Jove, I was just in time to see him go up the hill, and put the picquet on him like one o'clock! What is it, corporal?"

The native corporal in charge of the picquet had entered the room and saluted grinning.

"We catch am, sa'. He fight good, sa'. We find djs what he take, sa'"—he held out the gold collar that had adorned the neck of the Bundu Devil. The Bundu Devil itself lay under the window-sill, with its stiff feet pointing to the ceiling. Ottley began to laugh somewhat hysterically.

"A thief?" he said. "Only a thief? O, thank God—thank God!" HUGH EDWARDS.

DRESS REFORM

(The Evening Dress Reform League is confident that their new "Anglesey," "Cavalier," and Norfolk" costumes will, ere long, entirely supersede the inartistic evening attire worn by the bucks and blades of to-day)

"And what would you like to be, my boy, when you grow up?"

"A clergyman, sir"

(Beamingly) "Why, my lad?"

"Cos 'e aint got to do no work"

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Latest Alteration in the Open Championship

The enormous entry at the recent Open Championship at Sandwich, an entry so numerous that three days instead of the usual two had to be alloted for the decision of the event, made it evident that something would have to be done to cope with this growing popularity which threatens to strangle the event by the embrace of the ever-increasing army of Championship aspirants. Only those, like the Sandwich authorities, who have had the doleful experience of providing markers for this endless stream of golfers, or who, like Captain Mills, have had to sacrifice all chance of seeing any of the play to the onerous duty of starting the competitors throughout three long days, can have any idea of the burden which the Open Championship, as at present constituted, entails on the officials and members of the hapless club where the event takes place All at Sandwich this year were unanimous in their opinion that some reform must be instituted without further delay. The recent meeting at St. Andrew's has passed a recommendation of the Championship Delegates to the effect that "any competitor who is fifteen strokes behind the leading score at the end of the second round of the Open Championship be compulsorily retired; but should there not be thirty-two professionals within this limit, then the first thirty-two professionals may compete." Previous to this alteration, the rule has been that those who were twenty behind the leading score at the end of the second round had to retire from the competition. Under that rule, fifty-two competitors were left in this year at the end of the second round. The new rule, had it been in force, would have reduced this number to twenty three, of whom four were amateurs, so that thirteen professionals, just outside the charmed circle, would have had to be added to make up the tale of thirty-two professionals entitled to compete in any case. Thus, with the four amateurs added, you would have had thirty-six starters at the beginning of the third round, instead of the actual fifty-two whom the previous rule left in this year.

Which Scarcely Meets the Case

A nett reduction of eight couples seems a very small instalment of reform. But, to my mind, the inefficacy of the new remedy lies in this, that by it you do not meet the real evil. That evil is the bloated proportions of the entry list, which this year made it impossible for two rounds to be played on the first day, and so necessitated the addition of a third day on which to play the two final rounds. Cutting down the numbers of those entitled to start on the two final rounds does not appear to meet the crying necessities of the case. The crux of the matter is this: how are you to control the number of entries without interfering with the right of all golfers, whether professional or amateur, to enter for a championship which by its title proclaims itself as open to all comers?

Avoiding Injustice to Young Professionals

You must be careful in any reform you institute not to prevent the young professional from having his trial gallop. Possible Braids and Vardons must always be allowed to enter so as to gain experience and nerve for later times, but there is a vast host of competitors who block the ranks without the remotest title to compete. Such as these ought to be rigorously excluded. Now how is this to be done? In former days it would have been a very invidious task for any body of delegates to face such a question and decide it. In those days the professionals had no strong body, such as the present Professional Golfers' Association, to represent them and voice their wishes and opinions. But such a body does exist now, and comprises among its members the pick of the professionals. I should imagine, therefore, that a conference of the Championship Delegates, with a picked number of delegates selected by the Professional Association to represent the professionals, might have very useful results.

A Recent Newspaper Tournament to be Emulated

Some reform on the lines of the recent *News of the World* tournament would naturally commend itself to my views, as bringing in the match test, and certain modifications to meet the case of young professionals might be made which would prevent any deserving competitor from being shut out. The professionals have recognised this difficulty of numbers in their own tournament, and have a series of competitions all over the country among the various sections to decide who are to be the lucky competitors to take part in the final competition by match play for the generous prizes provided by the newspaper and themselves. By this system alone have they made it possible to hold a tournament which, both in the intrinsic value of its prizes and the interest of the matches, threatens to overshadow the Championship itself. Either some system of this sort, or a combination of score and match play, such as I outlined in these columns some time ago, will have to be devised if the Championship is to retain its place in the affections of the golfing community. Such a question seems eminently ripe enough, and important enough, to call for a conference between the Championship clubs and the representatives of the professionals.

Ernest Lehmann

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages.

Bravo Blackpool!

At this popular seaside resort the recent ten days' motor race meeting was undoubtedly the most successful in point of entries, public interest, and speeds attained, that has ever been held in this country. In the touring car classes, the Darracqs distinguished themselves, the 15 h.-p. cars taking the first and second prizes in Class 1, open to cars costing less than £500; while in the next Class, for motors costing up to £750, a 30 h.-p. Darracq secured the first prize, a 20 h.-p. Thorneycroft being second. Racing motor cycles showed up well, Tessier, the winner, on a 4½ h.-p., covering the kilometre at the rate of sixty-three miles per hour. The competition for the racing cars was, however, from the popular point of view, the most interesting. Splendid times were done over the asphalte, and honour finally rested with Mr. Clifford Earp, who, driving Mr. Mark Mayhew's 80 h.-p. Napier, achieved a speed of 84·68 miles per hour. This is a notable performance, for it is the fastest time ever officially recorded in England.

The Cost of a Small Car

I read with interest a recent article in the *Westminster* on the small car. The writer, who had no point to prove and nothing to puff (what a relief!), simply describes his experiences. He states that his car is a 6½ h.-p. of British make, seating two, and cost new 160 guineas. During August he drove, mostly in the hilly country round Kent, 867 miles, and found his expenses in

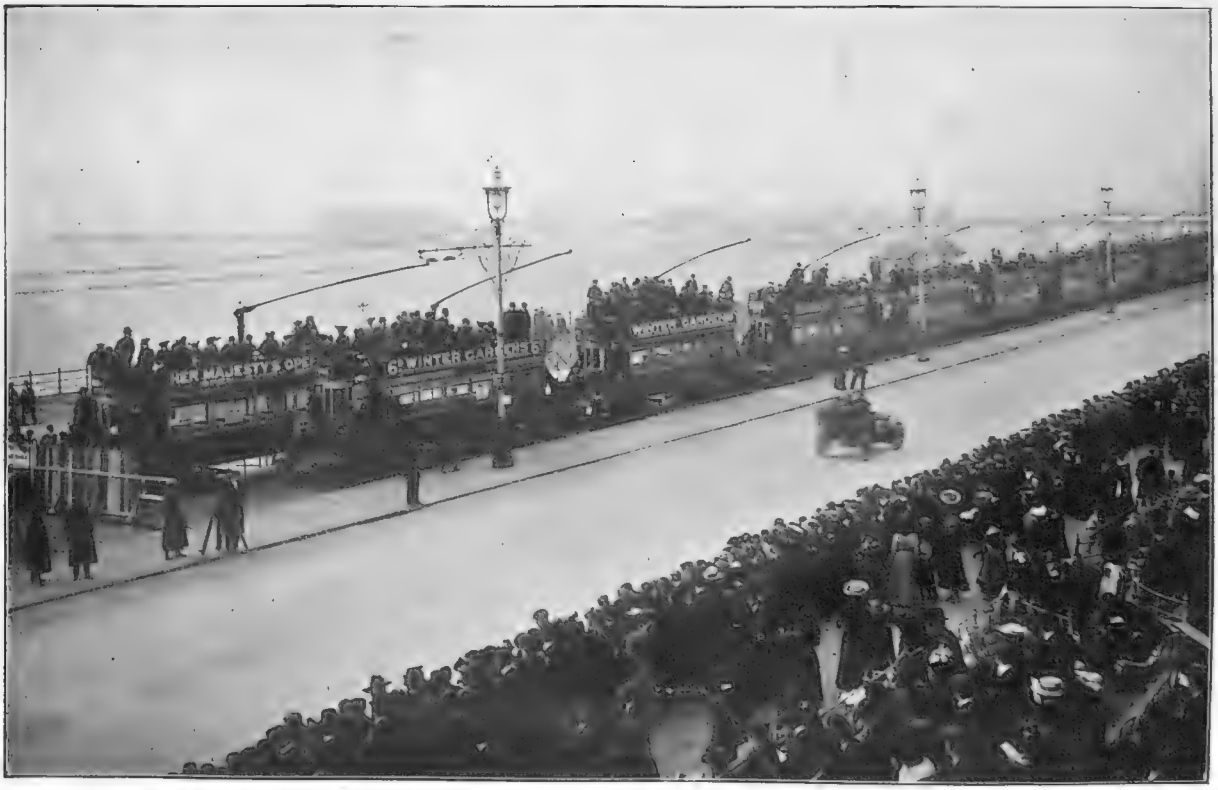


Photo by *Topical Agency*

The Blackpool Motor Races: A view of the course

The tram-cars were turned into a series of miniature grand stands, and offerred a splendid position from which to view the races

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The Blackpool Motor Races: Clifford Earp on his 80 h.-p. Napier, which did the best time in the Flying Kilometre

petrol, oils, and grease, just over a halfpenny a mile. From his August expenses he works out the following table of the cost per annum, supposing that the car travels 5,000 miles in the year:

	£	s.	d.
5,000 miles at 0·158*d.* per mile	10	15	0
Man for cleaning (5*s.* per week)	13	0	0
Recharging accumulators	0	10	0
Licenses and tax	3	7	0
Incidentals	1	0	0
Tyres and repairs	5	0	0
	£33	12	0

Comparison with a Pony and Trap

Thus the actual cost of maintenance for a year works out at 1·615*d.* per mile on the mileage (5,000 miles) allowed. The next and most serious item is depreciation, and he allows for it by writing down the value of the car 33 per cent. On the price of the car, £168, this comes to £56, so that the total cost of this car for the year figures out at £90—working out at 4·3*d.* per mile for the 5,000 miles. As he has kept a pony and trap in the same district he is able to make an interesting comparison between the two. On a fair estimate he finds the trap covers 1,600 miles per year; its cost is £60, to which he adds £10 for annual depreciation. This makes the total cost for a pony and trap £70 per annum, or 10·6*d.* per mile. I do not think that I need apologise to my readers for troubling them with these figures, because they go far to prove the superiority of a small car as a vehicle for the man living in the country.

Seashore Motoring

Returning to Tramore, from a spin along the sands of County Waterford, a motor, containing a young man and two ladies, was caught by the tide. The car stuck in the sloppy sands, and the shouts of the ladies for a lifeboat (!) attracted the attention of some sailors. With their assistance, and that of the driver, the car and the ladies finally reached dry land. Sand motoring is quite the latest thing, and a scurry by the sad sea waves is doubtless a pleasing change from the hard high road. There are no traps, but mind the tides.

Lyons and Motors

We have the popular restaurant, why not a popular hotel? There are plenty of motorists of moderate means who would be glad to know of a hotel in the country where meals could be had of similar quality, style, and price to those supplied in Piccadilly at the new restaurant. Will Messrs. Lyons start an experimental house, say on the Hogsback, or near the Devil's Punch Bowl, Hindhead? There would be no charge for motors, no palm oil, only lubricating oil (free, of course). What a business they would do on Sundays—for we know, on the authority of Miss Marie Corelli, our national censor of morals, that all Society, which is not playing bridge, motors on Sundays. To cope with the extra business on the day of rest, some of the staffs from the firm's restaurants

in London, which close, might motor down. Even if the car containing the cooks was *en panne* half way, there would be plenty of willing help from motorists travelling down to lunch. A hungry motorist could always find room for the cook.

Petrol Incandescence

Petrol for power we all know of, but petrol for lighting purposes is a new phase of this useful product. A Mr. Charrington has invented a lamp which gives a beautiful white light of 150 candle-power at the cost of a farthing per hour. The Clarafax lamp, as the inventor calls it, has no wick—an incandescent mantle takes its place; and the light is a remarkably clean one, with hardly a trace of carbon. The system on which the lamp is arranged is this: a strong metal reservoir holds the petrol, the spirit runs down to a generator at the base of the lamp, then passing through a heated tube it becomes transformed into a gas, mixing with air in the proportion of fourteen parts of air to one of petrol vapour; the gas is then burnt in an incandescent mantle. If the mantles will stand vibration, this system should prove a boon to motorists. Even the best types of acetylene lamps require too much cleaning and attention for the man who motors without a chauffeur.

Hoods

In response to requests from some of my readers, I illustrate this week a new type of detachable hood. The journals devoted to the automobile generally herald the approach of the autumn with an article headed, "How to lay up a car for the winter." The motorist is told to wash the machine in paraffin, cover everything in thick grease, wrap his tyres in brown paper, and powder them with sulphur, keep the garage at an even temperature of sixty degrees, etc., etc. What the owner of a car really wants is to be able to enjoy the use of his car in comfort during the winter. These hoods go far towards helping him. Their appearance is good, they can be quickly attached or detached, add little to the weight, and, stormproof, are a real protection from the rain. In fine weather, too, whether down or up, they make efficient dust screens. The price varies between £10 and £25, and to those of my readers who are in need of a good umbrella, which cannot be borrowed, I counsel a visit to the Lacre Motor Company, of Poland Street, W.

Short Quarter Miles

As the cold weather comes on one's sympathy goes out to the poor police in charge of a measured distance. They cannot fit hoods like the motorist, and so much do I feel for them that I am thinking of starting a mackintosh and warm clothing fund for the hedge-sitters. Would my readers assist? I fear not. Will they, however, keep me well informed, both as to fresh traps, and any that discontinue working. Please remember that the

"CATCH OF THE SEASON"

Is on at the Vaudeville, and
At Tartar Hill, Cobham.
Still running at Cowfold Hill, Brighton road.
Near the River at Kingston (1,000th performance); and
Paying expenses on the North road (Huntingdonshire portion).
At Ripley (here the takings are poor, and Sergeant Jarrett thinks of moving it).
On the road to Wetherby (near Darrington).

Alfred C. Hunter

A new Detachable Hood, constructed by the Lacre Motor Company

The hood is fitted to a 6 h.-p. Wolseley

INSULT TO INJURY

IRATE FARMER *(to couple who have just made an unwilling descent into his field from their motor-car):* "Now then! Don't stay there staring—get out of my field. Get on out, I say, or I'll set the dog on you"

DRAWN BY A. WALLIS MILLS

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

Capping Again

The *National Review* is an admirably conducted periodical in which one is quite accustomed to find topics of every description treated with commendable fairness. Still it was a little surprising to find in the October number an article devoted to capping in the hunting field, while the attitude in which the writer approaches the question is still more astonishing. Could one but imagine that the cause of sport would be in the slightest degree advanced by the publication of such a discourse, a certain amount of indulgence might be extended to its involved and bewildering style; but this, unhappily, is not the case. When it is stated that the whole article appears to turn on the amazing proposition that the tax (or should it be called a toll?) on strangers was fixed at £2 as the approximate sum of damage done by a single horse in the course of a day's hunting, the critic may well refrain from further comment.

The Facts of the Case

It is really rather wearisome to recapitulate facts that should have carried conviction from the first. But when a writer, who assuredly ought to know, labours under such a misconception, it seems fairly obvious that his thesis may deceive others who are not so well informed. When the imposition of a heavy tax on visitors was first made, it was perfectly realised by the farmers and subscribers that the sum fixed was intended merely as a deterrent. It was assumed that few, even of the wealthiest, would care to make daily payments for long when a regular subscription would be not only more economical but more agreeable in every way. We may be sure that in no country has the measure been adopted without the reasons being fully set forth by the local Press. Despite certain disturbing elements, sport and agriculture continue to be closely associated one with the

Photo by *Newman*

The Old Berkeley (West): Going to the Meet on the Missenden Road

Photo by *Newman*

The O.B.H. (West): At the Meet

other, nor have the farmers as a body any cause to doubt that their interests are quite safe in the hands of the Hunt committees.

A Dry Autumn

Whatever may be the result of the break in the weather which occurred in the middle of the month, the extreme drought of the first fortnight of October, following, as it did, on a fine September, stamps the present cub-hunting season as exceptionally dry. Huntsmen have been, in many cases, sorely put to it to bring a sound pack to the covert-side, and once there it has been found necessary to keep to the woods as much as possible to the exclusion of those merry little scurries which make cub-hunting so attractive. The worst of a dry autumn is that cubs, after being thoroughly hustled, are apt to take to the drains and culverts, and, unless they are washed out by a really heavy rainfall, will continue to use them in preference to lying above ground. Consequently it often happens that coverts which have at the first time of asking yielded a fine show of cubs are but meagrely stocked, if not absolutely blank, on a second visit.

Earth-Stopping

The mention of culverts naturally leads one on to the question of earth-stopping, and whether it is preferable to stop all the main earths permanently at the beginning of the season or to depend on the keepers of the various events for blocking them temporarily during the night before hunting. In large tracts of country where foxes have no enemies, the former is undoubtedly the better plan, but since destruction and theft is by no means unknown in these enlightened days, the latter course is, speaking generally, the wiser. The importance of a good system of earth-stopping is frequently overlooked, and, as the right time for the work is an hour or so before midnight, there is no little temptation to postpone it till the morning. In bad weather especially, more harm is done than good, from the keeper's point of view at least, by stopping the foxes into their earths, as the customary fee for a "find" is lost. It is, however, useless to regret the disappearance of the old earth-stopper, who in old times used to officiate over an entire country. Keepers would never tolerate him in their coverts nowadays, and if he combined a little poaching with his legitimate occupation he was, after all, only human.

The Old Berkeley (West)

An offshoot of the original Berkeley Hunt, which covered a vast territory from Berkeley Castle to Kensington, the Old Berkeley (West) dates its existence as a separate institution no further back than 1881, when Mr. Austin Mackenzie came to form the nucleus of a pack of hounds which was destined to gain the highest of distinction after its transference to the Woodland Pytchley country. From 1885 to 1888 an effort was made to revert to the old arrangement of hunting the whole of the Old Berkeley Hunt country from the Hunt Kennels, near Rickmansworth; and then the late Captain T. Tyrwhitt Drake consented to hunt the western portion, to be succeeded in due course by Colonel Alfred Gilbey. In 1902 the hounds were once more taken over by a Squire of Shardeloes, but only for one season, and Mr. Robert Leadbetter, the present Master, is now in his second year of office. The pack itself consists mainly of descendants of the hounds which Captain Drake got together sixteen years ago, and as among these were several invaluable survivors of the old Blankney pack, which Mr. Harding Cox had purchased, it can boast of some of the best working blood to be found in any kennel.

The Country

Over the greater portion of the O.B.H. (West) beech woods of considerable size, separated by undulating and flint-strewn fields, so that to account

for a fox no ordinary hunting qualities are required of hounds. Down below the range of hills, however, lies the Vale of Aylesbury, of which a small corner, familiar to the steeplechasing community by reason of the excellent Aylesbury course being therein situated, is included in the Hunt's territory. Formerly this little bit of vale was but of little use to the O.B.H., but recently there have been several first-rate gallops over it. It is gratifying, too, to hear that over most of the hill country foxes are fairly plentiful, which has not always been the case. On the whole, the country is distinctly wild and sporting, and from Hodgemoor, a celebrated covert, or in the Missenden country, capital runs can be obtained, though with the exception of stiles the fencing is rarely desperate. Jack, the terrier-man, is one of the features of the Hunt, and, up to a year or so ago, ran with hounds as well as ever. Now, however, thanks to the generosity of certain members of the Hunt, he is provided with a pony, mounted on which he is never far behind when hounds run their hardest.

Hunting in Ireland

Most of the Hunts will commence their regular season towards the end of October or beginning of November. The Duhallows (Cork) and East Galway were amongst the earliest in the field; the Meath began on October 25 at Bective; the Kildares, at Johnstown, run on Tuesday, November 1; the Tipperary opened at Fethard on Thursday, the 20th; and the Ward Union Staghounds commenced operations on Saturday, the 22nd. The Carlow (late Carlow and Island) open the season on November 1, when the Meet will take place at Ballydarton, the seat of Mr. Robert Watson, the late Master, who for close on sixty years held command of the Carlow and Island. Mr. W. H. Grogan, who succeeds Mr. Watson, has had a busy time of it with the cubs since September 15. He has exchanged the coverts of Donishall and some others in the "Island" country for Knocklow and Rath in Lord Fitzwilliam's country. The East Galway, under their new Master, Mr. Loraine Bell, will hunt from Lismaney, which he has rented from Mr. Pollok, who has taken over the Waterford. In addition to Mr. Pollok's pack, Mr. Bell has brought over fifteen couples of fine hounds from England, so he is going to do the thing in style. The season opened at Lismaney on Tuesday, October 18.

THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW

By "Exhibitor"

In the "Palace"

First impressions are generally a pretty reliable index of the amount of enjoyment to be extracted from a day's outing; so it was a little disappointing to find that, on arriving at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday to see the great Dog Show, one had been shockingly "done." It was, indeed, a shabby trick that the graceless urchin in charge of catalogues played the guileless visitor, assuring him that all the shilling variety was exhausted. This wholly inaccurate statement led in many cases to a reluctant disbursement of half-a-crown, in return for which a handsome volume, demy octavo, green cloth, and gold-lettering, was procured. To be sure there was plenty of printed

Photo by *Newman*

The O.B.H. (West): At Stratton Chase

Photo by *Newman*

The O.B.H. (West): "Jack" and his terriers

matter in the book, but one purchaser, at any rate, will not keep it as a treasured work.

The Exhibits

It is, of course, quite impossible for the casual observer to give more than the barest outline of such a show as that of the Kennel Club. Of the larger dogs, the Bloodhounds seemed to be a particularly good lot, while Borzois were also strong in numbers and qualities. There were foxhound classes, too, but these were only patronised by the West Old Berkeley and Winans' (*sic.*), the latter pack being, we believe, generally employed in the pursuit of a drag. Some nice harriers were shown, while the Dumfriesshire Otter Hunt sent some splendid specimens of the pure-bred animal which is employed in their sport. Mrs. Price showed some good beagles, and Mr. W. K. Crofton's pretty little hounds were also much admired. Those who are outside the "Fancy" have almost forgotten the existence of such a breed as the Dalmatians, who were used formerly as useless appendages to fashionable equipages in the Park; but the Kennel Club Show was quite strong in these spotted creatures. Spaniels and retrievers were there galore, and it was interesting to note the development of the flat-coated variety of the latter, a young bitch shown by Colonel Cornwall Legh, by the noted Black Quilt, who was also on view, attracting considerable attention.

Fox-terriers

The fox-terriers, as usual, were the popular feature of the first day of the Show, quite a crowd assembling in the Egyptian Court to witness the judging, and the Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Edith Villiers, and Miss Hatfield, all well-known exhibitors, were not the least interested of the spectators. In both the smooth and the wire classes celebrities were being shown, of whom the Duchess's Commander of Notts, led into the ring, as usual, by the veteran, Mr. Matter, was the most popular favourite. The winner of the Puppy class, in the wire section, was generally voted to have the best legs and feet in the whole Show. Welsh terriers were also a strong lot, though some of the exhibits showed some deficiency in their heads. As for Scottish terriers of all denominations, there seemed to be no end of them. Another breed that appears to be in high favour just now is the Irish terrier, than which no dog is more eagerly sought for the Colonial market. There were also some excellent Dandie Dinmonts, and the Bedlington classes, if not contested by remarkable numbers, seemed to be particularly good in quality. Bull-terriers were not very strong, though, of course, at such a show as this, the best of the breed were in evidence.

The Attendance

The half-crown demanded for admission on the first day of the Show did not deter a large company from being present, than which no concourse drawn from the well-to-do classes could be more heterogeneous or paradoxical. Here one would see a burly, loudly-dressed individual whom one could but associate with a mastiff at least; yet later on his appearance in the judging ring revealed him to be the husband of an exhibitress of Pekinese spaniels. There a mild, clerical aspect concealed the identity of the proprietor of the

Newmarket Second October Meeting: The start for the Middle Park Plate

Won by "Jardy," the property of M. E. Blanc. The French stable claim to hold two horses better even than "Jardy." This race is the guide for the favourite for next year's classic races

most ferocious-looking Great Dane. As for costume there was much to feast the eye, the diversity of the male attire ranging from the tartan dittos and garish Tam o' Shanter of the Scotsman to the most immaculate of London garments, a gay spot of colour being further supplied by the canary-plush coats of the only hunting establishment represented in full dress. The ladies, too, had exercised no little ingenuity in the design of their kennel coats, which, in some cases, could almost be termed robes, a dainty confection of this description in mauve being especially admired, though other tints, such as puce and amber, had been used with most effective results.

Photo by *Newman*

A Day's Partridge Shooting: Something like a bag

Seventy brace of birds, nine hares, three landrails

RUGBY FOOTBALL: THE FRESHMEN'S MATCH AT CAMBRIDGE

"COLOURS," 4 GOALS AND A TRY (23 POINTS); "WHITES," NIL

The Freshmen's Rugby football match took place at Cambridge on the University ground on Thursday, October 13. The sides, "Colours" and "Whites," were captained respectively by the two Blues and Internationals, J. B. Waters and H. G. Monteith. The Colours were victorious by 4 goals and a try (23 points) to nil, the chief contributor being H. F. P. Hearson (Uppingham and King's), who played most brilliantly throughout, and was responsible for the major portion both of the tries and of the place kicking

Photos by *Sanders and Crowhurst*

For the Whites, J. G. Sconlar (St. Bee's and St. John's), the "North" player, was most conspicuous. He kicked with great judgment, but had not enough opportunity to enable him to score

LACROSSE: WOODFORD v. WEST LONDON AT LORD'S

Woodford's goalkeeper saves well

West London won by twelve goals to two

RUGBY FOOTBALL: LONDON SCOTTISH v. LONDON IRISH AT RICHMOND

A London Scottish half punts across to his backs

The London Scottish came out victorious by two placed goals (ten points) to nil

Pushball in the Navy

BLUEJACKETS FROM H.M.S. "EXCELLENT" PLAY AN EXCITING MATCH AT WHALE ISLAND, PORTSMOUTH

Pushing the ball towards "White's" goal

Photos by *Cribb*

A delicate bit of dribbling in mid-air

The 99th Anniversary of Trafalgar Day

THE DECORATIONS OF NELSON'S MONUMENT BY THE NAVY LEAGUE

The decorations of the Plinth

The column itself was not decorated this year. Perhaps the Navy League is holding itself in reserve for the Centenary next year

Commander Crutchley, Secretary of the Navy League, and a party of New Zealanders, inspecting the wreath from the Wellington (N.Z.) Branch of the Navy League

This wreath, made up of New Zealand flowers, was contained in a block of ice, and was forty days in transit. The party seen in the illustration include Mr. and Mrs. Moss Davis and the Misses Davis

The Connoisseur.

"THIRTY-FIVE STYLES OF FURNITURE"

Roughly speaking, the various distinctive sorts of furniture that survive to our day may be included under the above title, which Mr. W. H. Timms and Mr. Geo. Webb give to the volume on the subject they have prepared and published. The interest in old furniture grows daily, and a sound knowledge of the various phases through which the subject has passed will help many an amateur to avoid the pitfalls with which his path is spread.

Disraeli said of English literature that its distinguishing characteristic was its exuberant reproductiveness, and furniture is like English literature in that the main features of the earliest designs have been reproduced again and again.

If we take Egypt as *fons et origo* of the art and craft of furniture, it will be found that the various couches, with different kinds of seats, from the sweet simplicity of what we call the camp-stool right up the scale until the fauteuil is reached, all have been reproduced with more or less exactitude throughout the ages. The cultured serenity of the Greeks, the fine artistic instinct of the Etruscans, and the catholic talents of antique Rome, all laboured upon the ancient Egyptian ground-work and evolved their own admirable styles from the monumental beauty of the Pharoahs. Within the covers of "The Thirty-five Styles," the authors show, by means of large page illustrations, the leading motives in the undermentioned styles: Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Pompeian, Byzantine, Gothic, Moorish, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Italian-Gothic, Tudor, Italian, Spanish, Dutch and German Renaissance; the modes of Francis I., Henri II., Louis XIII., Elizabeth; the Jacobean styles and those of William and Mary, and, although many authorities would not permit this, of Queen Anne.

Example of English Eighteenth Century Work. *(From the Collection of James Orrocks, Esq.)*

From these they pass to Louis XIV., the Georgian styles, and those of Chippendale, Ince, and Mayhew; then Louis XV., Hepplewhite, Louis XVI., Sheraton, Adam, Empire, and what they call British new art and *L'Art nouveau*. Thus it will be seen that the casual student of the work of the cabinet-maker of all periods need no longer trouble himself with vast researches among the by no means easily-obtained works of the authorities on furniture, but he can turn to "The Thirty-five Styles" and arrive very quickly at a fairly just idea of the main features of any given period. The drawings of classic furniture, the Greek, the Pompeian, and so forth, are particularly careful and effective, but the new designs, which, in some few cases, the authors have based upon antique styles, give us little satisfaction; the best, however, is the neo-Greek, where some of the chairs may be said to be reproductions. The Chinese drawings are excellent, and when we come to the eighteenth English period, the reproductions from the designs of well-known masters are extremely useful to all those who have not immediate access to the originals. The authors readily own that in forming their chronological series of designs the difficulty has been to know what best to leave out. As the period covered stretches from about 5,000 years B.C. until the present day, the reader will understand the difficulty is no slight one. Having given us the characteristic elements in the designs of furniture during these many centuries, it would be a great advantage to the student of the subject if Mr. Timms and Mr. Webb would carry the idea further in a series of volumes of the same kind. For instance, the Renaissance, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, although by no means neglected, would afford an admirable subject for a further volume in which the important sub-divisions, such as the Milanese school, and many others in Italy, Spain, and the North, might receive fuller justice. The cabinet of which we give an illustration represents one of these lesser schools; it is of early intarsia work, the forerunner of much decoration on these lines. Then the French schools would lend themselves to another such excellent volume, giving more fully the styles of each period; such a chair, for example, as the Louis XIV. one we give, hardly finds a place in the broad method the authors have adopted. The English cabinetmakers, too, of the eighteenth century would form another highly instructive volume; such examples as we reproduce from Mr. Orrock's collection scarcely come within the generalities of "The Thirty-five Styles." We do not say this because we in any way under-value the work of Mr. Timms and Mr. Webb, which we feel sure will be greatly appreciated, but because we are anxious to see so useful an idea carried much further, and developed by degrees until all periods and styles possess so convenient and carefully prepared a work of reference.

E. M.

Early Louis XIV. Chair

A Cabinet of Intarsia Work, the earliest kind of Marquetry

Prizewinners at the Kennel Club Show at the

Mrs. P. Shewell's Irish Wolfhound Champion, "Cotswold." First and Special
Interest is reviving in this once strong breed. Some splendid specimens were to be seen

Mrs. M. Marley's Bull-bitch Champion, "Felton Duchess." First and Special

Mr. H. Rawson's Deerhound Champion, "St. Ronan's Ranger." First and Special

The attendance at the Forty-ninth Exhibition of the Kennel Club, held at the Crystal Palace last week, constitutes a record, there being over 3,000 entries, an increase of 350 over last year's list. The officials and judges were therefore hard put to it to complete their stupendous task in reasonable time

The King and Queen both exhibited, and Her Majesty's Borzoi, "Sandringham Moscow" was awarded first prize in the Limit Class, and second prize in the Open.

Some interesting exhibits, which attracted a great deal of attention, were three Esquimo dogs, born on board the *Discovery* during her cruise in the Antarctic regions, and brought back by Captain Scott. All the classes, both sporting and non-sporting dogs, were very well represented, and amongst the packs sending recruits to the first, the Old Berkeley (West), of whom an account will be found elsewhere in this issue, were noticeable, and carried off the first prizes for best foxhounds and bitches. The Show produced some splendid exhibits, amongst which the animals photographed on these pages stood conspicuous.

"St. Ronan's Ranger," Mr. H. Rawson's Champion Deerhound, is a typically well-bred dog of its class, standing well up in the hind-quarters, which may be taken as an index of his great running powers and immense strength. He is perfectly sound and clean-limbed, and possesses a good keen head strikingly well-modelled

Mrs. M. Marley's Bulldog Champion, "Felton Duchess," which was awarded a first and special in its class, is a superb specimen of a bull-bitch.

Crystal Palace. £6,800 in Prizes—a Record Show

She is a good, heavy, "cloddy" dog, with a massive head well set on broad shoulders. The bitch strikes one as being an animal which is likely to breed other champions in the future.

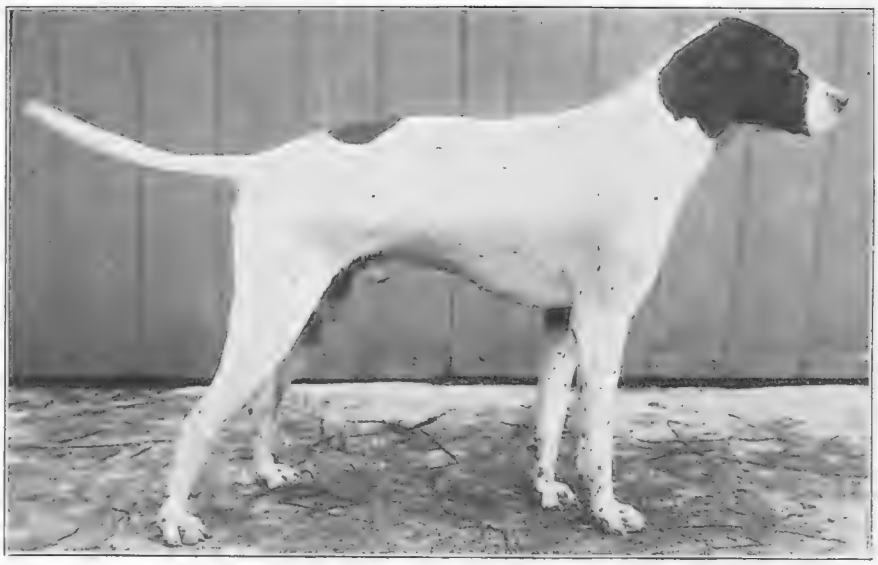
In the Irish Wolfhound class, Mrs. P. Shewell's Champion "Cotswold" won the first prize and special. Much interest was evinced in this breed, as good specimens of it have rarely been seen of late years. The winner is a fine upstanding dog, with powerful shoulders, muscular quarters, and a massive though not by any means a heavy head. He is a thoroughly well-made dog, showing strains of the best Irish Wolfhound blood.

The first prize and special in the Flat-coated Retriever class was "lifted" by Mr. L. Allan Shuter's Champion, "Horton Rector," a likely-looking sporting dog, well-proportioned, and having noticeably good legs.

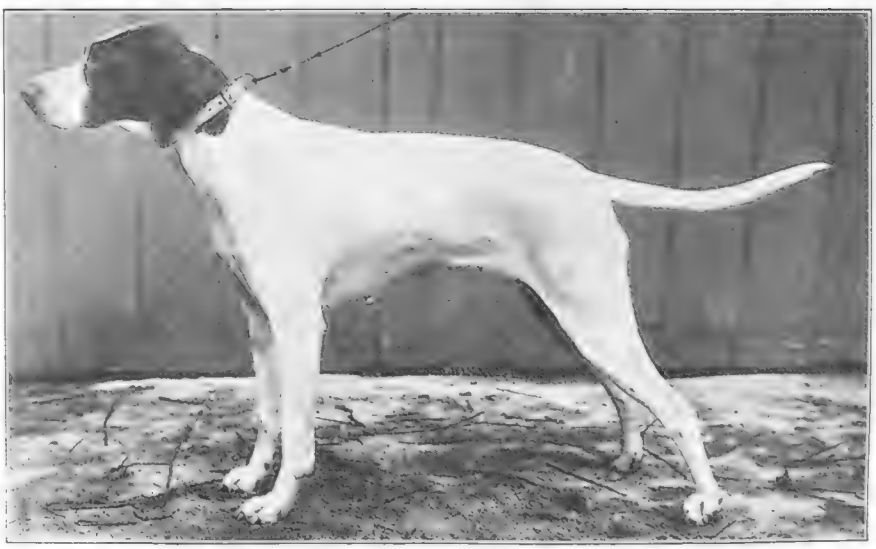
The Pointer Class was very well represented, and the two illustrations indicate the breed of dog which was most in favour with the judges. Mrs. Horner's Pointer Champion, "Lunesdale Wagg," which won the first and special, is a dog showing all the good points of his breed. Cleanly built, and with a perfectly-shaped head, he is a dog which any sportsmen would be more than proud to shoot over.

A Pointer also gained the special prize of an antique silver cup, to be won outright, for the best dog or bitch at the exhibition, which fell to Mr. H. Sawtell's Pointer Champion bitch, "Coronation." We congratulate the owner on having bred, perhaps, the most perfectly-proportioned bitch ever exhibited.

Mr. L. Allen Shuter's Flat-coated Retriever Champion, "Horton Rector." First and Special



Mrs. Horner's Pointer Champion, "Lunesdale Wagg." First and Special



Mr. H. Sawtell's Pointer Champion, "Coronation." First and Special

The Menu

LITTLE LUNCHEONS

When one's friends are in town—have, perhaps, come up from the country to do some necessary shopping—one is very glad to invite them to luncheon; and after a long morning of hard work—for shopping is undoubtedly hard work—what can be more appreciated than a nicely cooked and daintly served little meal? I am giving this week a small luncheon *menu*, which I think will be within the capabilities of the average cook:

FISH
Darioles of Turbot
ENTRÉES
Mutton Cutlets à la Portugaise
BEEF EN CASSEROLE
RUSSIAN SALAD
GÂTEAU AUX APRICOTS

DARIOLES OF TURBOT

Free from skin and bone about ½ lb. of cooked turbot. Put this in a mortar with seasoning to taste and two tablespoonfuls of rich white sauce. Pound all together and work through a sieve. Take half a gill of cream, with the same quantity of mayonnaise sauce, and a teaspoonful of anchovy essence. The mixture must then be coloured a delicate pink. Use white china dariole moulds, place a layer of fish at the bottom of each, then a layer of sauce, and so on till full, having fish at the top. Have ready boiled some julienne shreds, also some beetroot and cucumber, the two latter being mixed with oil and vinegar. Just before serving, scatter the julienne, etc., in a pile on each mould, and ornament further with chopped aspic jelly.

MUTTON CUTLETS À LA PORTUGAISE

Cut and trim some neat cutlets from the best end of a neck of mutton, cut the bone short and scrape it clean; season with pepper and salt, and strew over them chopped parsley and shallot. Fry them slightly, adding a couple of bay leaves and a small bit of garlic about the size of a pea. Take the cutlets out, and keep each one in buttered paper, covering the cutlets with forcemeat; broil them on a gridiron over a slow, even fire. Make a gravy in the frying-pan, add a dessertspoonful of vinegar, a small teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, with salt and pepper. Pour it round the cutlets and serve hot.

BEEF EN CASSEROLE

Fry a large onion, cut into slices, in 2 oz. of butter; as soon as it is well coloured stir in 2 oz. of flour, and when it is smoothly mixed add gradually, while stirring quickly with a wooden spoon, 1½ pts. of good stock which has been flavoured with vegetables, herbs, a slice of ham, salt, black pepper, and nutmeg. When the sauce has boiled and thickened, draw the pan to the side of the stove and add a teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup, a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, a wineglassful of Marsala, more salt and pepper if necessary, and a few drops of carmine to make it a rich reddish brown. Strain the sauce into an earthenware casserole and keep it warm until the meat is ready. Cut 1½ lbs. of rump steak into neat pieces, about 2½ ins. square and 1 in. thick, and fry them quickly in butter until the meat is just browned on both sides; put the steak into the prepared sauce, cover it first with buttered paper, then put the lid on the casserole and place it in a moderately hot oven for two and a half hours or a little longer. Peel some fresh mushrooms, cook them in butter until they are tender and add them to the contents of the casserole about five minutes before it is taken from the oven, at the same time stir in 1 oz. of melted glaze, or, if more convenient, a teaspoonful of Bovril mixed with two teaspoonfuls of cornflour (previously mixed with a little cold water) may be substituted for the glaze. A little finely-chopped parsley should be sprinkled over the surface of the sauce when the buttered paper has been removed.

RUSSIAN SALAD

Chop up some cold fillets of chicken and partridge (if at hand) with carrots and turnips which have been cooked; take some cold boiled French beans, beetroot cut into dice, capers, stoned olives, and fillets of anchovy; stir all these ingredients thoroughly together, and add a pinch of cayenne, a minced shallot, black pepper, mustard, oil, and vinegar. This is a delicious salad if carefully mixed.

GATEAU AUX APRICOTS

Make a light sponge cake in an ordinary medium-sized cake tin; when cold, hollow out the inside, leaving a good rim all round, and a depth of about 1½ in. at the bottom. Put into a basin 4 oz. of dessicated cocoanut, 4 oz. castor sugar, and the whites of two eggs. Beat all well together, and spread the outside of the cake with it; then on the top of the cocoanut icing, sprinkle some pistachio nuts, chopped up very finely. Fill the centre of the cake with the contents of a tin of preserved apricots, then whip up ½ pt. of cream very stiffly and heap it up on the top of the apricots.

EMILIA.

Christmas Again!

We are reminded that Christmas is again within an appreciable distance by receiving, from the Kodak Company, a most charming series of Christmas card mounts, intended for use by amateur photographers, who can insert their photographs in the spaces provided. The cards are delightfully artistic, and, with the photographs placed in them, make a far more valuable and interesting souvenir for Christmas greetings than the usual Christmas cards. These cards vary in price from 1*s.* 6*d.* a dozen to 4*s.* a dozen if a calendar is attached. The accompanying photographs will give our readers an idea of the appearance of these cards.

Two charming Christmas card mounts
(From the series prepared by the Kodak Co.)

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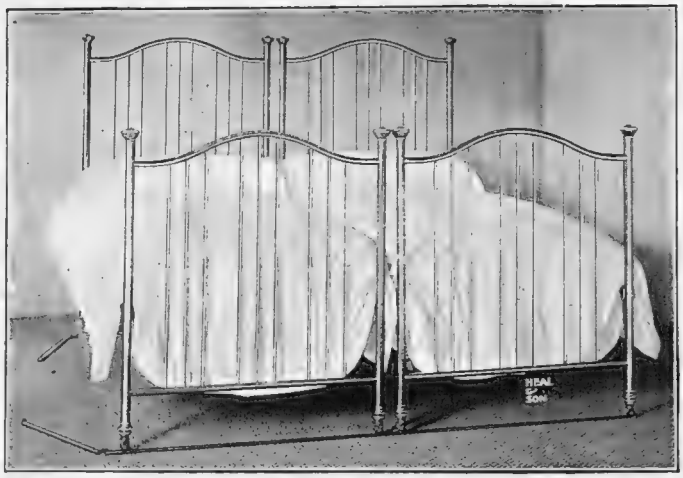

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FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Contrary to our custom, we are irresistibly compelled to launch forth straightway this week into panegyrics over the sketch our artist has made of a sable set, comprising one of the new cape stoles, accompanied by a large granny muff. The new cape stole, we may add, for the benefit of those still unaware of the fact, almost touches the waist at the back, and, consequently, becomes much more of a wrap than was its prototype of last season; while the particular set in question was interviewed at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, where the furs this season are exceptionally good, both in quality and style.

That the choice is equally comprehensive goes without saying, and is one among the many reasons why this great West End emporium is so eminently satisfactory and pleasant. One goes there without a qualm, safe in the assurance that what we have to spend will find a thoroughly fair exchange. And what is so particularly nice is the courtesy that is extended, whether the sum to be expended be counted in shillings or as many pounds.

The new ripple plush coats here are particularly fascinating; these in the distance having all the appearance of a caracule or very fine Persian lamb, and being throughout delightfully treated with all the consideration due to a genuine pelt. One especially effective coatee carried narrow fronts of mink, that met at the top a smart little turnover collar of fawn cloth, embroidered in dull reds and golds; and we

A smart sable Stole and Muff

(Sketched at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street)

The Bystander, October 26, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 47.—Vol. IV. Wednesday, October 26, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Complete Domestic Offices, including:
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£1,550 WILL BUY an exceedingly attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situate 10 minutes from Bury St. Edmunds Station, and contains: hall, dining, drawing room (leading to conservatory), morning room, usual offices, 10 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 2 staircases; stabling for 2, coach-house, harness room, etc.; electric light; the grounds are beautifully timbered, and completely walled in, and include lawns, productive kitchen garden, vinery, etc., in all over an acre.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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THE above really delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE is to LET, Unfurnished, on advantageous terms. It was recently modernised, re-drained, and made thoroughly comfortable, at a cost of over £1,000, and is now in exceptional order throughout; the position is bracing and perfectly countrified, and the views charming. It contains square entrance and inner halls, drawing and dining rooms 27ft. by 20ft., morning room, study, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and offices, with servants' hall; stabling for 8 horses; cottage for man; finely-timbered old grounds, shady tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, glass, and park-like meadows of over 12 acres; more land adjoining can be had.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

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BUCKS (near Henley-on-Thames).—To be LET on Lease, at a low rent, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situate 1 mile from the river. The accommodation comprises: vestibule hall, dining and drawing rooms (each about 21ft. by 15ft.), morning room, servants' hall, kitchen and usual offices, 9 bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms (h. and c. water); stabling for 3 horses, 2 coach-houses, harness room, outbuildings, and coachman's 6-roomed cottage. The pretty grounds, of 3 acres, which are intersected by a trout stream, are laid out in tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, shrubbery, and paddock.—For further particulars, apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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NEAR GOLF LINKS.

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SUSSEX.—£2,000. On the Downs, a drive from Goodwood. COUNTRY RESIDENCE and 8 acres; 3 reception and 10 bedrooms; stabling. (C 1,272)

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TO BE LET, Furnished by the year, the above ELIZABETHAN MANSION, built about 30 years ago, and containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bath-room, etc.; usual domestic offices; stabling for 7. Beautiful pleasure grounds of 7 acres, shooting over 3,000 acres (200 acres of woods). Hunting and golf within easy reach.— Photographs and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (F 583)

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TO BE SOLD, one of the most ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATES in the North. The property is in perfect order throughout. The HOUSE is modern Elizabethan, and contains: oak-panelled hall, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 20 bedrooms, several bathrooms, and every imaginable convenience, including electric light and hot-water heating. First-rate hunting, good shooting; rich pasture land. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have just been over this estate, and are able to recommend the property with confidence. —Offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

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WILTSHIRE.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a RESIDENCE in good repair and standing on high ground with views. Drawing room 20ft. 6in. by 16ft., dining room 17ft. by 16ft., morning room 16ft. by 15ft. opening into conservatory, smoking room, domestic offices, 8 bedrooms, bath, etc. Hot and cold water and gas laid on. Stabling for 10 horses. Ornamental pleasure grounds, extensive lawns, fish pond with fountain, glasshouses, and orchard. Hunting with the Badminton, South and West Wilts, V.W.H., etc. Golf links. Trout fishing and shooting. Price, £2,850. Rent, £120 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,562)

IN THE HIGH, HEALTHY, AND PICTURESQUE GERRARD'S CROSS DISTRICT. ON GRAVEL SOIL.

TO be LET, Unfurnished, this pretty old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 2 good reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), and domestic offices. The House, which is approached by a carriage drive, stands in beautifully-timbered and matured grounds extending to 30 acres, including lawns, paddocks, and woods. Golf links within 2 miles. Stabling for 8. Rent, £160 per annum. —Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,669)

SMALL COMPACT ESTATE ABOUT ONE HOUR OF LONDON.

TO BE SOLD, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 75 acres (half arable and half pasture), intersected by a running stream, and including a charming modern RESIDENCE, standing high on gravel soil, and approached through an avenue of trees. 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 8 bedrooms, bath, etc. Well-fitted and in perfect order and repair. Stabling and agricultural buildings. Good orchard, garden, and grounds. Shooting, hunting, and fishing. No objectionable surroundings. Price, £4,200, Freehold.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,604)

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REDECORATED THROUGHOUT REGARDLESS OF COST.

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TO BE SOLD, Detached HOUSE on Tulse Hill, with drawing and dining rooms, each about 23ft. by 14ft., morning room, principal bedroom 23ft. by 14ft., 6 smaller bedrooms, bathroom. Excellent light offices. Secluded garden about 200ft. long, abutting on to Brockwell Park, and within 12 minutes' walk of three stations. Electric light and bells. Hot and cold water. Lease, 36 years. Low ground rent. Price, £1,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,220)

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HANTS (about 1¼ hours from London).—A very choice, moderate-sized RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY to be SOLD, 50 acres or less. The Residence, an old-fashioned one, most prettily situated on high ground; delightfully-timbered surroundings. Usual reception rooms, over 13 bed and dressing rooms. Excellent stabling, cottage, and small farmery if required. A low price to ensure early sale. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (16,589)

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BUCKS (on the Herts border).—Charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 60 acres, for SALE; perfectly rural situation, grandly-timbered undulating park; stabling, farmery; beautiful grounds, lodge entrance; high on gravel, with good views. Old-fashioned Country House, with excellent accommodation; extra land if required. Near station to be opened next year.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,904)

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£2,000 WILL PURCHASE the above attractive old MANOR HOUSE on the East Coast (about 1½ miles from the sea and two stations): 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, stabling for 6, cottage, farmery; well-timbered grounds, paddocks adjoining, about 6½ acres in all; golf; shooting and hunting. Inspected. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,436)

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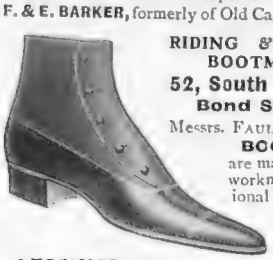

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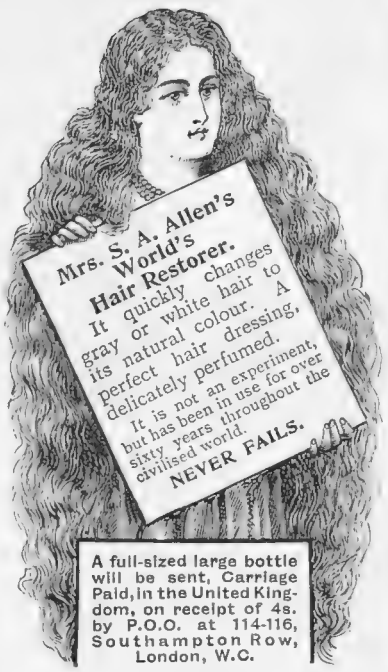

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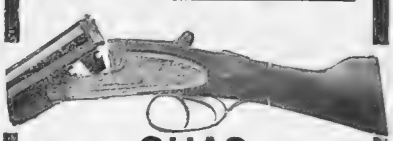

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were singularly impressed by the distinctive style that obtained in the smaller items, such as those new straight boas, which are worn knotted at the throat, or their longer, wider prototypes, adjusted with one end flung over the left shoulder, which latter is, in our opinion, one of the most regal furry effects ever promulgated. From all of which it may be judged that the Oxford Street house of Peter Robinson has specialised to a pronounced degree in providing peltry wares of an extraordinarily desirable character.

More Fashions in Furs

It is, we would fain explain, no fault of ours that this fur string is twanged so insistently. The matter is altogether too momentous just now to be overlooked an instant. We are beginning to remark, moreover, with some sorrow, a disposition, even with those who ought to know better, to dare the bizarre in the shape of lace applications. A little sealskin pelerine bolero, otherwise delightful, was rendered conspicuously bizarre by detached applications of coarse guipure *motifs*. These seemed to positively scream at one in a blatant aggressiveness, and were utterly incongruous to their background of rich, deep-toned fur.

But a quite different story, one that has lingered lovingly ever since, was a short vague coatee of *taupe*, inlet with lines of silk guipure exactly harmonising in tone, and completed by great soft *bouffant* sleeves of chiffon and the silk guipure, this time in the form of a deep edging. And there was also an irresistible Chincilla confection, again of the short vague coatee *genre*, that ran to the other extreme of an extravagant simplicity, there being neither revers, nor collar, nor decoration of any sort, other than an inch wide frill of white lace, outlining all the edges. Albeit, scarcely perceptible, the softening effect of this frill of lace is indescribable and wholly fascinating.

Chinchilla, I may mention, is one of the leading *fourrures* in Paris, and some *élégante* has emphasised the vogue of a toque *ensuite*, with a coat of this pelt. Chinchilla, to my mind, is always immensely decorative, and infinitely more attractive than sealskin for the purely ornamental wrap.

Fashionable Silks

Eolienne and Messaline are fighting in gentle rivalry for first place in our affection. And, alas! if they did but know it, there is room in our hearts for both. The slightly lighter finish of Messaline renders that fabric unsurpassed for evening frocks, of the more picturesque and clinging order, as differentiated from the Louis Seize vogues, the which spell rich and rare brocades, with a tendency to stand away from the figure. You see there is choice for all.

Respecting Eolienne, perhaps the slightly duller surface of this is more suited to ordinary day wear, and in the approved shades of brown, ashes of roses, and the always irresistible black, Eolienne is a veritable delight. At the same time, what is the matter with black just now? It has somehow, to Ambrosine and myself, lost its savour, and we cannot, and I especially cannot, understand such a condition. That the stand-by for ages should have ceased to express smartness is something unheard of.

I was quite assured in my own mind that the one garment necessary to complete my happiness was a black *mousseline velour* evening gown. But after viewing several, and very notably a *recherché* Louis XIII. confection, with the dearest little Medicis collar of fine lace, wired to stand up, I find myself reluctantly confessing that I do not want any of them at present. One passes through these phases, they are very tiresome, and the deepest mystery surrounds their cause, for which reason I do not expect any sympathetic understanding from properly balanced minds, who do not allow—as they would themselves express it—such an utterly trivial thing as dress to exorcise into being these unmanageable sentiments.

The Possibilities of Brown

Ambrosine and I have been discussing the large probabilities of failure in the selection of just the right and becoming *nuancé* of this mightily favoured colour. To the woman who is, so to say, a harmony of browns already, the pitfalls are serious. And there are, too, various types of blonde who look anything but well in a pronounced brown. The bronze greens, and happily they prevail however, are singularly adaptable, and blend so amiably, moreover, with paler though more pronounced tints, that practically all can avail themselves of that fashionable fad.

Ambrosine, by the way, reminds me that we have scarcely laid all the stress necessary on the ornamental services of marabout as a millinery adjunct. The upstanding marabout tuft is asserting itself everywhere, dyed to *ombré* effects to harmonise with the chief note of the *chapeau* it is privileged to adorn. Thus on a chic pointed toque of brown caracule, with touches of *coq de roche*, to vary the monotony, the osprey, for such it really amounts to, of marabout, graduates from a quite sombre shade to an imperceptible yellow.

Apropos of Coiffures

How charming is the coronal plait, now so much affected. At a quiet dinner the other night we met a lovely fair-haired girl, whose perfectly classical features were mercifully humanised by soulful grey eyes, who wore one of these coronal dressings, the hair at the sides being thrown back and caught into rather an outstanding knot in the nape of the neck.

She was a picture to gladden the heart of any artist, in her picturesque dinner gown of white chiffon, with a sash of scarlet *crêpe*, and a great band of scarlet geraniums—more or less in the bud—pinned at one side of the bébé corsage. This coronal head-dress, and the Marie Stuart toupée, by the way, are carrying all before them, the latter for evening wear finding ornamental completion in strange and weird expressions of winged things, such as fireflies, butterflies, together with mercury wings, bandeaux of tulle, ribbon, and foliage.

It is almost the exception to see a head unadorned for evening dress, while those fortunately well endowed make a parade of simplicity with priceless combs and pins.

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A Woman's Pocket Book

If we are to believe all we read in the daily papers —I for one take most of it with a grain of salt—the distress among the lower classes is becoming very acute, and when winter sets in, the prospects of many hundreds, one might say thousands, of families will be distressing to an extreme. It is probable that the different local authorities over the country will do their best to make employment for as many of them as possible.

My business, though, is with the womenkind, and I suppose that, speaking generally, it is the women who will suffer first of all, and feel it more than the men themselves. I might suggest, though, that in many of these respectable working-class homes there are daughters who might certainly be sent out to service, and for whom there is plenty of demand. A good many wives and mothers, too, might very easily get work to do as charwomen, but, as a rule, although one hears the distress is more prevalent than usual, it is just as difficult to obtain charwomen who can been depended upon. How many ladies find the greatest difficulty in getting a woman in to help in odd jobs about the house — meantime these same women are gathering idly in the streets bewailing the want of work, or waiting for some philanthropic person to provide them with money or food without their having to earn it.

The very poor are always with us, but this condition is due, I am sure, in nine cases out of ten, far more to their own improvidence and constitutional laziness than to want of opportunities of finding work. Last week, in The Bystander, some strong remarks were made on this very subject, which, on first sight, seemed perhaps rather harsh; but I, who have worked among the poor, cannot help agreeing with all that was said. If a man is industrious by nature, and if his wife is a hard-working woman, there is absolutely no doubt but that if they will look for work it is always to be found. For myself, I have a great deal more sympathy with distressed gentlewomen who have far more difficulty in obtaining a livelihood, and have not the advantage of having funds and philanthropic institutions provided for their assistance.

I wonder if many of my readers have seen the new book, published by Mr. John Lane, called "Every-day People," containing characteristic drawings by Charles Dana Gibson? If not, the book, which is in a nice box and costs 10*s.* 6*d.*, is well worth obtaining, as it is a very useful possession for the drawing room when the conversation tends to become tedious. Some proud American once said that his women-folk were all queens, and Dana Gibson, taking this too literally perhaps, has drawn semi-divinities. On this side of the water we have some artists who are making great headway, and their drawings of girls, if not quite such "perfect creations" as Dana Gibson's, are at all events more represen- tative of the girl one sees. Louis Baumer for one, and Maurice Greiffenhagen for another, are worthy of mention, while A. K. Macdonald, although, perhaps, too much of an æsthetic, gives one a type of girl that we all admire.

In spite of the flatteries which Dana Gibson pays to his countrywomen, it is generally acknowledged that for regular features and pretty faces the English woman can give her Trans-Atlantic cousin a good deal of start and beat her. Where Americans come in is, that they have naturally more *chic*, and they have studied comportment until they have almost brought it to a fine art. They walk much better than we, and, indeed, there is no nation whose women are so careless about their carriage as ours. The English woman usually turns her toes in when she walks, and it is extraordinary what a large number of them are knock-kneed. I really believe, if English ladies were to have lessons in comportment, and study this by no means unimportant subject, that many of them would improve themselves out of all recognition.

Lady Phyllis.

To Continental Travellers

For many years Mr. Reynolds Ball's *Mediterranean Winter Resorts* has been the most trustworthy handbook on the subject. The author is about to add to its usefulness by bringing out a new and up-to-date edition, enlarged to 618 pages.

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The first hand is given below, and the three other hands will appear, one in each issue of THE BYSTANDER, *during the next three weeks.*

In order that competitors may gain the greatest amount of ben fit from working out the play of this rubber, they should note that it will not *be Double-Dummy, but ordinary four-handed Bridge, with Dummy's hand only exposed.*

There will be Twelve Consolation Prizes of two packs, in box, of THE BYSTANDER *playing cards.*

THE FIRST HAND OF THE RUBBER

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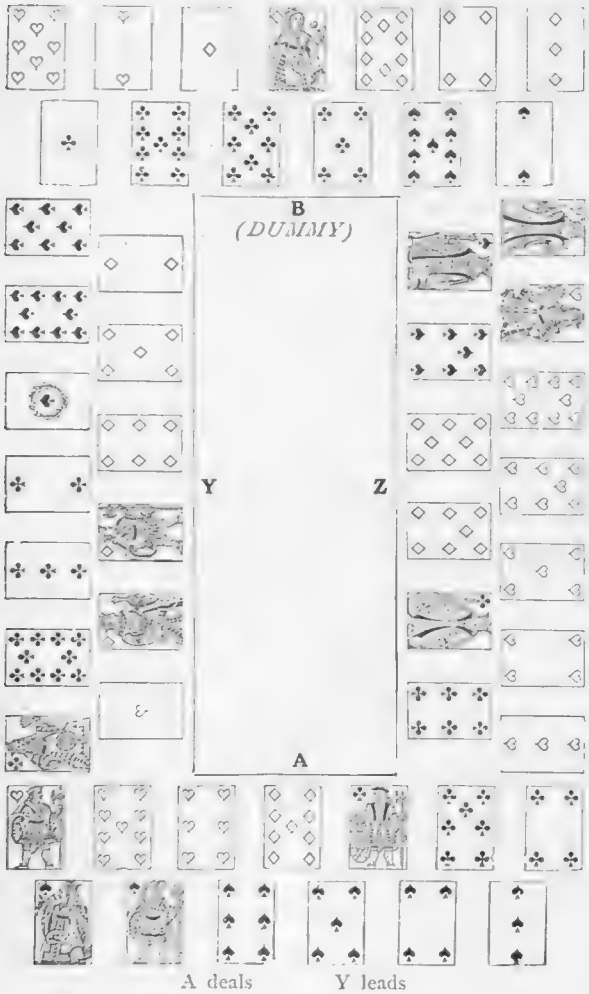
Dummy's Hand only is supposed to be exposed



A deals Y leads

RULES

1.—Every solution, after the first, must be accompanied by the publisher's imprint (in place of a coupon) on the bottom of the back cover, viz. :

Printed and Published by George Robert Parker, at Tallis Street, in the City of London.

Any solutions after the first submitted, if not accompanied by the imprint, will be disqualified.

2.—Competitors may also give as full notes on the play as they like, giving reasons for leads, etc.

3.—The play of the hand should be written out in the manner indicated in the solution of the Fifth Competition below.

4.—All solutions should reach the office of THE BYSTANDER by the first post on the Friday week after the last hand of the rubber. The solutions of all four hands should be sent in together, *not* week by week. They should be addressed to The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

5.—Names and full addresses of competitors must be given, only for publication in the event of a prize being won. Unless this rule is carefully observed, competitors will be disqualified.

SOLUTION OF OUR FIFTH COMPETITION

The list of Prizewinners will be found on page xvi

THE PLAY OF THE HAND

NO-TRUMPS DECLARED

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ 3	♦ 9	♦ Q	♦ A
2	♠ 10	♠ Q	♠ 2	♠ 7
3	♠ K	♠ A	♠ 3	♠ J
4	♣ 3	♠ 9	♠ 4	♠ 8
5	♣ 2	♠ 6	♠ 5	♦ 4
6	♦ 2	♦ J	♡ 8	♦ 5
7	♣ 4	♣ 5	♣ 7	♣ A
8	♦ 7	♡ 4	♡ 3	♦ K
9	♣ K	♣ 6	♣ 8	♣ 10
10	♦ 10	♡ 6	♡ 9	♦ 6
11	♦ 8	♡ J	♡ A	♡ 5
12	♡ Q	♣ 9	♡ K	♡ 6
13	♡ 2	♣ J	♣ Q	♡ 10

RESULT.

A B win 8 Tricks.
Y Z win 5 Tricks.

Trick 1.—Y's only chance of doing anything with his hand is to lead from his long diamonds, reckoning the king of clubs his card of re-entry. A puts on his ace that Y may not know where the king is.

Trick 2.—The proper lead is the seven of spades, not the J, in case the king, ten, to four lie in Z's hand.

Trick 3.—A may just as well lead out his ace of spades and throw the knave on it to unblock. There is only the king against him, and his eight and knave are of equal value.

Tricks 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.—A is playing against 24 up. He does not wish to risk a long heart suit being made against him, and he would like to see some hearts discarded. Accordingly he makes the tricks right away; it is generally the sounder game. However he plays it the result is the same.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Prizewinners in Our Fifth Bridge Competition

An excellent solution of the play of the hand, given in THE BYSTANDER of August 24, has only just reached us from India; and we therefore award a further prize of two packs of THE BYSTANDER playing-cards to:

U. B. TALBOT, Esq., Opium Department, Shajhanpore, U.P. India.

The Fifth Competition produced some interesting solutions, and some yet more interesting notes on the play.

The FIRST PRIZE, a BYSTANDER Morocco Bridge Case, has been awarded to:

Major KENNETH MACHACHLAN, 19, Chesham Street, London, S.W.

Four Further Prizes of two packs of the BYSTANDER playing-cards have been awarded to:

Miss EVELYN SCHREIBER, Bognor, Sussex.

H. S. MUIR, Esq., 149, Oakwood Court, Kensington, W.

JAMES COMBE, Esq., Strathearn, Dunmurry, Co. Antrim.

Lieut.-Colonel B. LOWSLEY, Linnholm, The Thicket, Southsea.

London Restaurants

Owing to pressure on our space, we regret that the second of our series of articles on London Restaurants, contributed by Colonel Newnham-Davis and illustrated by special sketches, has to be held over until next week.

Dramatic Recitals

Encouraged by the success of last year's venture Mrs. Tobias Matthay is this Autumn giving another series of Dramatic Recitals at the Steinway Hall. The first of these recitals, which took place on Saturday, October 15, before a large audience, was a great success. The programme included such pieces as Kipling's "Ballad of East and West," Rosetti's "Sister Helen," and "The Musical Meenister," by David Kennedy, told in the inimitable manner in which Mrs. Matthay deals with matters pertaining to the "land o' cakes." The other two recitals before Christmas take place on Nov. 19 and December 17 respectively.

The Sale of Iden Manor

The Iden Manor Estate, Staplehurst, Kent, has just been sold by Mr. Edward Jas. Carter, of Tunbridge Wells, acting in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, of London. Iden Manor is a very fine modern mansion recently erected at a cost of over £60,000, and stands in a beautifully-timbered park. The rent roll amounts to over £3,500 per annum. The outlying portions of the estate will be offered shortly.

A Good Mixture

Though there are so many tobacco mixtures now before the public, it is invidious to single one as superior to its rivals, but if there is one which attracts us as being more refreshing and cool to the palate, it is "Luntin" Mixture, manufactured by the well-known Edinburgh firm, Messrs. Thomson and Porteous. Its price, for first-class tobacco, is remarkably low, costing only a shilling for 2 oz., and we can confidently invite our readers, when they wish to try a change from their own particular fancy, to give a trial to "Luntin."

"Great Pictures in Private Galleries"

Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s series of coloured reproductions of the famous English masterpieces, called "The Nation's Pictures," is known to everyone. This enterprising firm is now publishing a fresh coloured series, entitled "Great Pictures in Private Galleries," which deals with many of the nation's art treasures with which the general public are not familiar, owing to their being in the hands of private persons. The first number of this new series appears on October 27 (price 7*d.* net), and will be issued fortnightly from that date. If the excellence of the first number is kept up, the venture cannot but prove to be a great success.

New French Model Pianette

In many houses the absence of a piano is due, not to lack of musical tastes on the part of the inmates, but to want of space. Owners in this predicament cannot do better than invest in a pianette. One of the best on the market is to be obtained at Messrs. Whiteley's. It is a sweet-toned instrument of seven octaves, and in every particular is equal to the best makes of full-sized pianos.

A New Agency

Mrs. E. Adair, the well-known face specialist, of 90, New Bond Street, W., has now opened an agency in Birmingham, at No. 82, High Street.

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